

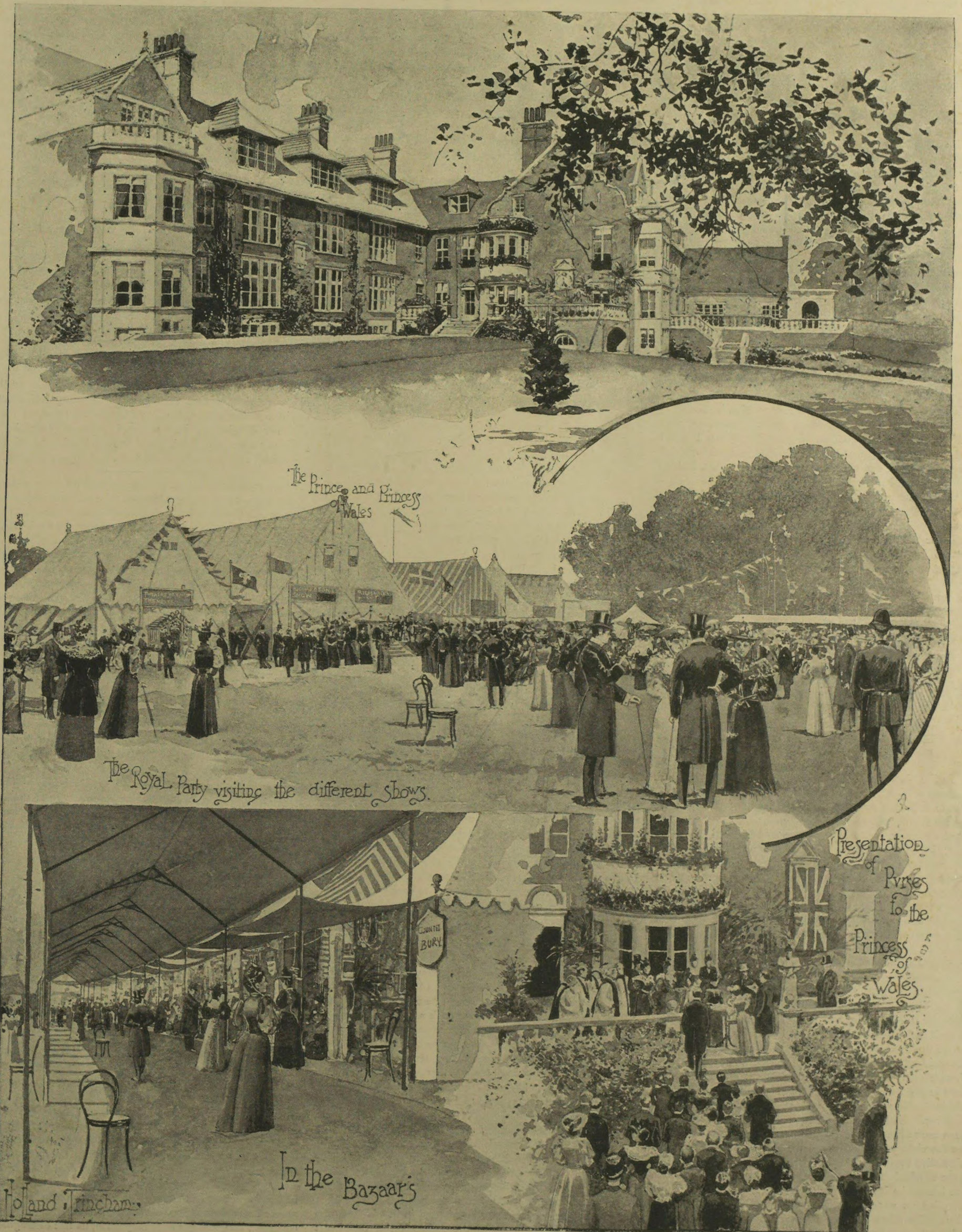
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: "LOVE'S MESSAGE." } SIXPENCE.
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The Royal Party visiting the different shows.

Presentation of Pures to the Princess of Wales.

In the Bazaar's

Holland & Trenchard

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"The Statute Book of England," to which the Lord's Day Observance Society have been giving their attention, contains some very miscellaneous reading, and not all of it to edification. With the pure and innocent, however, we are told—as in the case of children who read "The Arabian Nights"—what is not conformable to morality is not understood, and let us hope that this course of reading has done the society no harm. They have disinterred an old Act of Parliament of 1771, and used it as a weapon against the Leeds Sunday Lecture Society. The lectures, which were under the patronage of the Mayor, had for their subject "Siberia and its Exiles," "Sociology," and "The Life and Death of Worlds," "not unholy themes, I think," as Mr. Pecksniff would have observed; but not good enough, said the Observance Society, for Leeds upon a Sunday. Moreover, it was proved by credible witnesses that on more than one occasion the impiety of laughter had been indulged in. Under these circumstances, penalties amounting to £200 were sought for and obtained. The judge had no alternative, since the law existed—though it was supposed to be dead and buried—but to administer it. He felt it his duty, however, to observe that, had it not been for the existence of the law, there could not be a more wanton interference with the liberty of the subject than the action of the Lord's Day Observance Society, and he reminded them that it was directly furthering the interests of a much worse institution than the Colosseum (where the lectures were held)—namely, the public-house. But for that fatal testimony of "much laughter," it is evident that the L.D.O.S. would have lost their suit. The long face is as natural to the Puritan as the long nose to the child of Israel. There is no mince-piety about his piety. He comes of a very serious family, and it has many branches.

It is curious indeed how, in classes not distinctly religious, the idea of amusement is always associated with levity. For a very long time the tone of even our best periodicals was very serious. Half a century ago, *Punch* had a good-natured dig at the solemnity of one of them by a pretended extract from its pages: "Man is Mortal.—*Chambers's Journal*." It amused Robert Chambers, who had a good deal of humour, very much. When I edited that periodical, "all was May with me from head to heel." I was full of high spirits, and rather altered what Robert himself called its "square-toed propriety." The consequence of this was a drop—though it was but a drop—in the circulation. The loss of one subscription, at all events, was distinctly brought home to me. My friend the present Inspector-General of Convict Prisons, in paying an official visit to Portland, was surprised to see that *Chambers's Journal* was no longer taken in. "How is this?" he asked. He was told that the journal was no longer "serious," and had therefore been excommunicated. I believe it was reinstated upon his testimony as to its still respectable character, but the objection was characteristic. A certain pretence of gravity, however conventional, is necessary to win the approval of many persons who are not wholly Puritan: they have a sense of humour, but only of an inverted kind, just so much of it as enables them to detect its existence and to resent it. The pomposity of the politician is a very important part of his stock-in-trade; the substitution for it of naturalness and high spirits shows a want of "earnestness," and is intolerable to the whole herd of dullards.

In the *Fortnightly Review* there is an account by M. Paul Verlaine of his experiences as a French teacher in an English private school. It is interesting, but not nearly long enough; and what one is especially curious to hear about—namely, how his pupils behaved to him—is glossed over; let us hope not on the principle of "the least said, the soonest mended." That the master of the school expected there would be disturbances seems certain from the terms in which he introduced the new assistant to his young friends: "I am convinced that you will like and respect this gentleman; but should any of you take advantage of his foreign accent to show him the least want of respect, I shall lose no time"—and there was probably a little dumb show with his cane—"in correcting the error." This was twenty years ago, when I had left school for some time, and I dare say that improvement which we are told has taken place in the boy world had already set in. But in my day, if there was one class of men more than another which deserved the pity of their fellow-creatures, it was the assistant master of a private school, and especially the French one. I remember two of these: one of them had been in the Imperial Guard, and wore some decorations in his buttonhole, the nature of which we were unable to discover. With singular delicacy and refinement, the new boys were always incited to inquire of him whether it was for the victory of Waterloo, when he would swear softly in his native tongue. The words he uttered on these occasions were wonderfully well remembered (considering how soon the lessons he intentionally taught us were forgotten), and supplied us with an entire French vocabulary of malediction. The other French usher I remember was "an old soldier" of quite another kind: he felt that his lectures were not listened to, and were chiefly made an opportunity

for practical jokes, or for the sale or barter of miscellaneous articles of property. Upon these he used to descend with vulture-like promptitude and keenness, and confiscate them on the spot. Tops, agates, packs of cards, twopenny cigars—all were fish that came to his net, notwithstanding that he always represented the final recipient as being a female member of his family. "I have a leetle girl at home," he used to say, "who is very fond of pipes and penknives" (or whatever it was); "this is just the thing for my leetle girl." Thus, like the Scotch doctor practising in England who did his best to "make up for Flodden," did he revenge himself for Waterloo.

Whether memorials to great writers should not be confined, as some of them have maintained, to their own works is a still disputed question; it is fair to say, at all events, that their best monument is that which they have executed with their own hands, and when one considers how inappropriate and inartistic our record of them in too-enduring stone often is, and how artificial the enthusiasm that is evoked by its promoters, it is not, upon the whole, deplorable that this sort of doubtful piety often comes to nothing through deficiency of subscribers. From the good hands into which the production of the new Keats memorial has fallen—though we may well be ashamed that they are American and not English hands—there is, however nothing in the way of ill taste to fear, and the wonder is that men have waited for a hundred years to recognise in so unusual a fashion a genius who has had so great a share in shaping modern thought. Only a few people, and those generally young people (though not, of course, mere juveniles) are moved by poetry at all, but after a long acquaintance with our literary youth, I am inclined to think that, with the exception of Tennyson, Keats has a more numerous band of intellectual worshippers than any poet. The proper phrase is, of course, "any modern poet," but, as a matter of fact, the passionate admiration of which we are speaking is only excited by poets whose lives have been passed within measurable distance of our own. The success of Byron was vast and immediate; but it was by no means solely among lovers of poetry: he attracted thousands who had no taste for it except for his own. The intelligent portion of his admirers are now rarely to be found except among the aged, and the excess of appreciation he once excited has been exchanged for as unjust a neglect. But the fame of Keats, whose day so far as public recognition went was a day of small things indeed, has grown with the years. There is no greater proof to modern eyes of the stupidity of criticism than the manner in which his poems were received by the great literary organs of his time: in the long and laboured reviews that have come down to us, full of easy sneers at his youthful faults of style, there is scarcely a word of praise for even "Hyperion," a fragment that Milton need not have disdained to have attributed to him. His few readers had to find out for themselves such passages as the description of Thea—

There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

or that awful picture of human existence—

Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

The "Ode on a Grecian Urn," one would think, had beauties too obvious and striking to escape even a hostile reviewer, but they are hardly alluded to in these old notices, while the matchless picture of the messenger in "Robin Hood" is equally ignored. These gems are now as familiar to the lover of English poetry as roses to the bee. He needs no memorial to remind him of John Keats, but it is just as well that public attention should thus be drawn anew to him, so that those who know nothing of his genius may thereby be inclined to make themselves acquainted with it; and this, perhaps, is the chief use of a literary memorial.

The correspondence columns in the newspapers are just now full of complaints against the metropolis. One would imagine to read it that no town "where Sirius rages" is so unbearable. "The tar melts upon the wood pavement and the smell pervades our houses; and if we shut the windows we are stifled." Where such a vast population is huddled together the heat must necessarily be oppressive and bring with it a hundred inconveniences. Still, there are tens of thousands—not by any means of the Upper Ten—who contrive to keep trees and grass before their eyes even in London. It took a great many generations of builders to hit on the device of making our houses open directly upon gardens instead of having the street between them, as in our old-fashioned squares, but the advantage of it is now fully recognised. In the great thoroughfares, where space is valuable and facilities for traffic all-important, the plan is impracticable; but long before what are called the suburbs are reached, there are acres and acres of foliage and verdure, captured as it were from the country by the town and imprisoned in it. Next to the smoothness of our roads and the regulation of our street traffic, there is nothing which evokes the admiration of the

Transatlantic visitor so much as these town gardens. Our parks he has long known and admired, but these half-hidden haunts of health and beauty, private and yet enjoyed by thousands, are altogether new to him. He is not given to abuse what belongs to New York, even if he does not approve of it, and the denunciations of London by its highly favoured inhabitants simply amaze him. As regards these gardens in particular, he observes with surprise that so far from being the property of a bloated aristocracy, they belong almost exclusively to the middle classes. The tenants of Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares cannot play tennis in their gardens without exciting the unsought applause of the street boys, while the same amusement is pursued in Bayswater with perfect privacy. What a model town that would be which from the first, and in places to be tenanted by the poorest, should be built with these oases in the desert of bricks and mortar! Many of the older gardens, when you have escaped the dangers of the street in getting there, are very beautiful, and are adorned with trees of a size astonishing to behold in the midst of London. The plane-trees in Berkeley Square, for example, will bear comparison with the finest of their country rivals. Some of them have avenues of elms and leafy bowers, in which the roar of the traffic is only heard like the far-off music of the sea; when I think of the summer hours I have spent in them, I confess I rather resent the wholesale denunciation of "steamy, stuffy, want-of-airy" London.

What a terrible business our habit of "publication in advance" sometimes turns out to be—when the printing-machine gets it all its own way, and blunders on like a wild elephant! The Paris *Figaro* was fortunate enough to stop in time the cartoon which it had got ready for M. Carnot's visit to Lyons. It referred to the improbability of his standing again for the Presidency, but in terms that would have had a terrible fitness for the undreamt-of catastrophe that befell him. One waiter says to another at the banquet of welcome, pointing to Carnot, "Look at him well; it is the last time you will see him." It makes one shiver to think how narrow was this escape. This is one of the reasons which prevent my indulging in these columns one's natural passion for depreciation: they are of necessity printed slightly in advance, and it is always possible that the object of my vituperation may expire between whites, too late to stop the press. I trust that my deficiencies in "personal pepper" (to which a critic of "Our Note Book" has been so good as to call my attention) will therefore be set down to the proper cause.

In a recent number of the *Spectator* there is an account of the sagacity of a dog which, if it be well authenticated, outvies all the anecdotes of canine instinct; for instinct, though in some cases, as in the "homing" of dogs (where they go in a hamper hundreds of miles by train and trot back by road, without so much as a glance at a sign-post), much superior to human intelligence, has little in common with it. Like Sydney Smith's horse, which could "draw anything," it cannot draw an inference, as in the famous case of the four cross-roads, three of which were sniffed at in vain by a dog in pursuit of its master, and then the fourth was sniffed at, though ever so little reason would have convinced the animal that further sniffing was superfluous. In the present case, however, the dog is described to have done exactly what a man might have done, including travelling in a railway carriage without a ticket. He resides, it seems, with an engineer at Swindon, a town not itself a centre of dissipation, but no doubt presenting to a dog of agreeable manners many opportunities of mixing with society. At all events, it had more attractions for him than the country. However, one of his master's clerks, whose business took him by train one day to Marlborough, thought that the dog would enjoy the change of scene and a walk in Savernake Forest. Perhaps he was of a poetical turn of mind, or perhaps recent proceedings in the law courts had invested the place for him with some professional interest. For the dog, however, it had no such attractions; he found his companion dull and the forest dreary. A dog of mere instinct would have put his tail between his legs and arrived in a day or two at Swindon in the usual miraculous manner; but being a dog of intelligence, he said to himself, "There is the railway in which this unsatisfactory person has taken a return ticket for me; it is available for the day, and the earlier I can escape from the country the better." Doubtless he had visions of agreeable friends in town (his town) just as men have had under similar circumstances, and send themselves false telegrams to account for their immediate departure. The dog, however, has no thought of deception, but simply repairs to Marlborough Station, and jumps into the first train bound for Swindon. There is argument and opposition because the stupid officials do not understand, as he does, that his return ticket has been paid for. He shows, however, that his bite is quite as formidable as his bark, and is eventually left in peace, and on the arrival of the train at Swindon he jumps out and runs home. Here we have not, indeed, a high degree of intelligence (unless, indeed, one may instance his preferring the town to the country), but an essentially human example of practical common-sense. It would have been much more wonderful to have traversed the mazes of the unknown forest and reached his destination without consultation of map or compass; but, strange as it may seem, he has distinguished himself more by doing less.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is one of the most exquisite beauties of Parliamentary procedure that, after spending weeks in Committee on a Bill, the House gravely discusses everything that was settled then all over again on the Report stage. For instance, here is Mr. Chaplin with his project for enabling the owner of agricultural land who cannot pay estate duty to hand over to the Exchequer a portion of his land instead. "Such a capital plan for providing allotments," suggested the insinuating Mr. Jeffreys. But Sir William Harcourt would have none of it. Why should such a privilege be confined to owners of agricultural land? Why should not a mill-owner or a citizen with stocks and shares and no ready money say to the Exchequer, "Take my mill and sell it; realise my securities and recoup yourself out of the proceeds"? It would be absurd to saddle the Government in lieu of taxes with any piece of land the owner could not sell because nobody would pay the price he asked for it. Mr. Labouchere improved the occasion in his capacity as a newspaper proprietor. Why should his estate duty be paid in money? Why not in back numbers of *Truth*? Mr. Balfour suggested that the educational value of those back numbers was slight. He might have added that their contents might not be particularly agreeable to some members of the present Ministry. As for the unsaleable land, Mr. Labouchere had another brilliant idea. The agricultural land-owners, he said, would not act like sensible men, and take what price they could get. Producing a coin from his pocket, he proffered it to the Opposition, as who should say, "Here you are, if you mean business. I'll take any little bit of land you have about you for money down."

All this was vastly entertaining, but if the House did not get a joke now and then out of these interminable discussions, members would perish of sheer weariness. I can see them carried out on shutters at the point of death, when suddenly the rumour flies through the lobbies that Labouchere is making a funny speech. Then the poor victims look mournfully at one another, and the dying Byles, with a heroism worthy of Sir Philip Sidney, says to the moribund Tomlinson, "You go back and hear Labby and live again. Your need is greater than mine!" Something like this may happen yet if the Opposition doggedly persist in treading for the hundredth time the stony places of the financial wilderness, and if the Government with equal doggedness decline to state what they mean to do next. For everybody knows that much of this discussion on the Report stage is due to a desire to leave no remnant of the session sufficient for anything in the Ministerial programme save the Budget. That is why the ingenuity of Mr. Bowles and the members who sit near him has had such travail. It has certainly produced some portents. Mr. Butcher proposed that people should be allowed to accumulate money in the bank in a special account as a provision for the payment of their estate duty. If a man lodged a thousand pounds in this way that sum should go to the payment of the duty, and should not rank as part of the estate. Supposing he possessed twenty-five thousand pounds, including the thousand in the bank, he should pay only on twenty-four thousand. This was gravely debated for a while, and then up rose Sir Donald Macfarlane, looking more like Father Thames than ever, in his favourite capacity as a plain dealer. "What it comes to is this," quoth he, "that a man is to have two estates, and one of them is not to pay duty." "Not at all," replied Mr. Bowles. "The honourable member does not understand the case. The thousand is to be saved in order that the Government may get their duty on the twenty-four thousand." This idea of saving greatly impressed the Opposition. "Did the Chancellor of the Exchequer really desire to discourage thrift? If he did, then why should the thrifty citizen trouble himself to save that thousand? Why should he not spend it? Where would the Exchequer be then?" Here the perplexity became such that some members evidently thought the revenue would get nothing out of the twenty-four thousand unless the owner's disposition to save were stimulated by the exemption of his savings from taxation. "Be as thrifty as you please," said Mr. Fowler bluntly, "but not at the public expense." Members gazed at each other dubiously. At the public expense! But how would that be when the thousand was made specially for the purpose of meeting the public debt? Brows were knitted over this piece of arithmetic. Men tottered out, unable to bear the strain of so much calculation. Then Mr. Balfour, in his most engaging way, rose to propose a compromise. That is a necessary episode in the comedy. First his friends behind him demand impossibilities and discuss them for hours; then Mr. Balfour, with the air of impartiality incarnate, declares that if the Government will only make a slight concession, he will recommend his honourable friend to withdraw the amendment. Why the withdrawal of an amendment should be a *quid pro quo* for a Government concession does not appear, and the expression of Sir William Harcourt's face shows that he has sought this wonderful treasure vainly, like the gentleman in "The Lost Chord." Mr. Balfour's compromise in the present case is that the thousand pounds in the bank shall pay estate duty separately.

As the object of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to get as much money as he can out of this duty by levying it on aggregate properties, instead of splitting them into sections, the compromise is declined, and Mr. Balfour, looking like a saint who has offered olive branches to the refractory heathen, goes sadly to a division.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD.

The accomplished and distinguished man whose death, on Thursday, July 5, is to be noticed with regret, was an example of that union in one person, not unfrequent in former ages, of public diplomatic service with an extensive and accurate study of art, historical antiquities, and the wide fields of literary scholarship, and with a taste for the more remote and recondite topics of inquiry found in Oriental climes. In such a career there is, or rather was half a century ago, some tinge of a romantic complexion, which may have been reflected in the early writings of Disraeli, and in "Eothen," as well as in works of preceding authors, before Austen Henry Layard began the enterprise that made him famous. He was born at Paris in March 1817, son of Mr. Henry Peter John Layard, a member of the Ceylon Civil Service; his mother was the

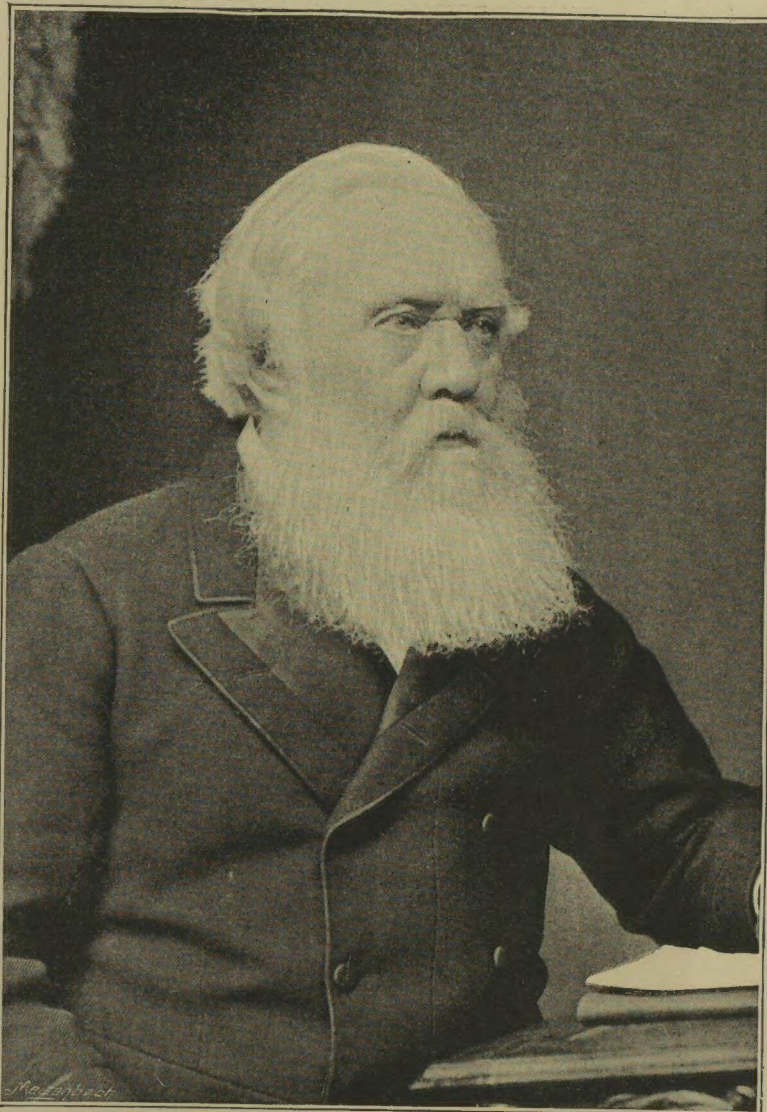


Photo by Maull and Fox.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B.,
EXPLORER OF NINEVEH.

daughter of Mr. Austen, a professional man of Ramsgate, and connected with a highly respectable firm of London solicitors in Bedford Row. His education was chiefly received on the Continent, partly in Italy, and in 1839 he visited, like Disraeli, the shores of Albania; thence he pushed on to Constantinople, Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria; he became an attaché of the British Embassy at Constantinople; he afterwards learnt the Arabic and Persian languages, and sojourned two years with the semi-independent Bakhtiyari tribes in the highlands east of the Tigris. At that time, M. Botta, the Italian archaeologist, was employed by the French Government in Assyrian explorations. Layard found near Mosul, on the Upper Tigris, the Mound of Nimroud, which he believed to be the site of the buried palaces of Nineveh. In 1845 he proposed to Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, that excavations should be undertaken on this spot. Sir Stratford Canning (afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) supplied funds to pay the expense, and Mr. Layard began the work described in his book, "Nineveh and its Remains," published towards the end of 1848. There was some delay on the part of official authorities in sending to London, for the British Museum, the wonderful relics of architectural decorative sculpture, more graphic than pages of ancient history, which Layard had exhumed. But their effect on the public mind was more startling and exciting than that of any later discoveries, such as those of Dr. Schliemann, in the Troad or at Mycenæ; for it was almost the first notable example, out of Egypt, of the use of digging among buried ruins to procure historical knowledge, where the truth had so long

been dubiously mixed with fable that scepticism might be allowed. Mr. Layard soon changed the field of his laborious researches from the Tigris to the Euphrates, and examined the sites around Babylon, which yielded evidence of still greater interest, bearing more immediately upon many passages of Bible history. His book on this subject appeared in 1851, and was followed in 1853 by another book, containing also some account of travels in Armenia and Kurdistan. Mr. Layard was elected M.P. for Aylesbury in 1852, and held, for a very short time, under Lord John Russell, the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. He was, as a guest in Admiral Lyons' flag-ship, the *Agamemnon*, at the beginning of the Crimean War, a spectator of the earliest actions in the siege of Sebastopol. In 1855 he took a leading part in the House of Commons debates on Administrative Reform, but lost his seat in 1857. He visited India after the Sepoy Mutiny. From 1860 to 1869, he was M.P. for Southwark, and held office under Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. In 1869 he was appointed British Minister at Madrid, and in 1877 at Constantinople, but retired in 1880. He was a trustee of the National Gallery, and had much knowledge of pictures.

THE FANCY RURAL FAIR AT STREATHAM.

For the benefit of the British Home for Incurables, in Crown Lane, Streatham, in aid of the fund of £5000 required to complete and furnish its new buildings, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, on Tuesday, July 3, graciously attended the ceremonial opening, and personally received gifts of money, the result being a good financial success. The Prince of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud accompanied the illustrious lady, who also unveiled a mural tablet with a permanent record of the occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, the Duchess of Buckingham, Earl and Countess Amherst, and other persons of rank were present. Mr. J. H. Hale and other members of the Board of Management received the visitors. In the grounds of the institution, and in an adjacent meadow, Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. G. A. Farini had arranged a "Country Fair and Market," with tents and booths and stalls for a variety of entertainments, shows, and concerts of music, and for the sale of fancy articles by many ladies, over whom, on the second day, Princess Henry of Battenberg presided, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on the third day. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Countess Amherst presided over the ladies' committee. The entertainments were directed by Lord Ronald Gower and Sir Augustus Harris. The festival was pleasant, and was also profitable to the charitable object in view.

OPERA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On Friday, July 6, the anniversary of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, her Majesty the Queen, with her visitors, the Russian Czarévitch, Princess Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau, and Princess Alix of Hesse, and with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and their children, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne, besides a company of invited guests, witnessed in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle a performance by the Royal Opera Company, from Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris. The pieces selected were Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis" and Massenet's "La Navarraise," the conductors being Signor Bevignani and M. Flon. The leading performers, Madame Calvé, Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, M. Plançon, and M. Alvarez, were presented to the Queen.

HENLEY REGATTA.

There is no prettier or livelier spectacle on the Thames than the annual regatta below Henley bridge, which we have often described, and which again took place on Wednesday, July 4, and the two days following, in pleasant summer weather, until the third afternoon, when clouds gathered, bringing some rain as well as gloom. Two Illustrations—one of the course, one of the gala illuminations on the river—are presented, instead of any of the actual boat-races, which did not seem quite to excite such keen interest as on some former occasions, except the final contest of eight-oars for the Grand Challenge Cup, won by the Leander Club.

THE TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY.

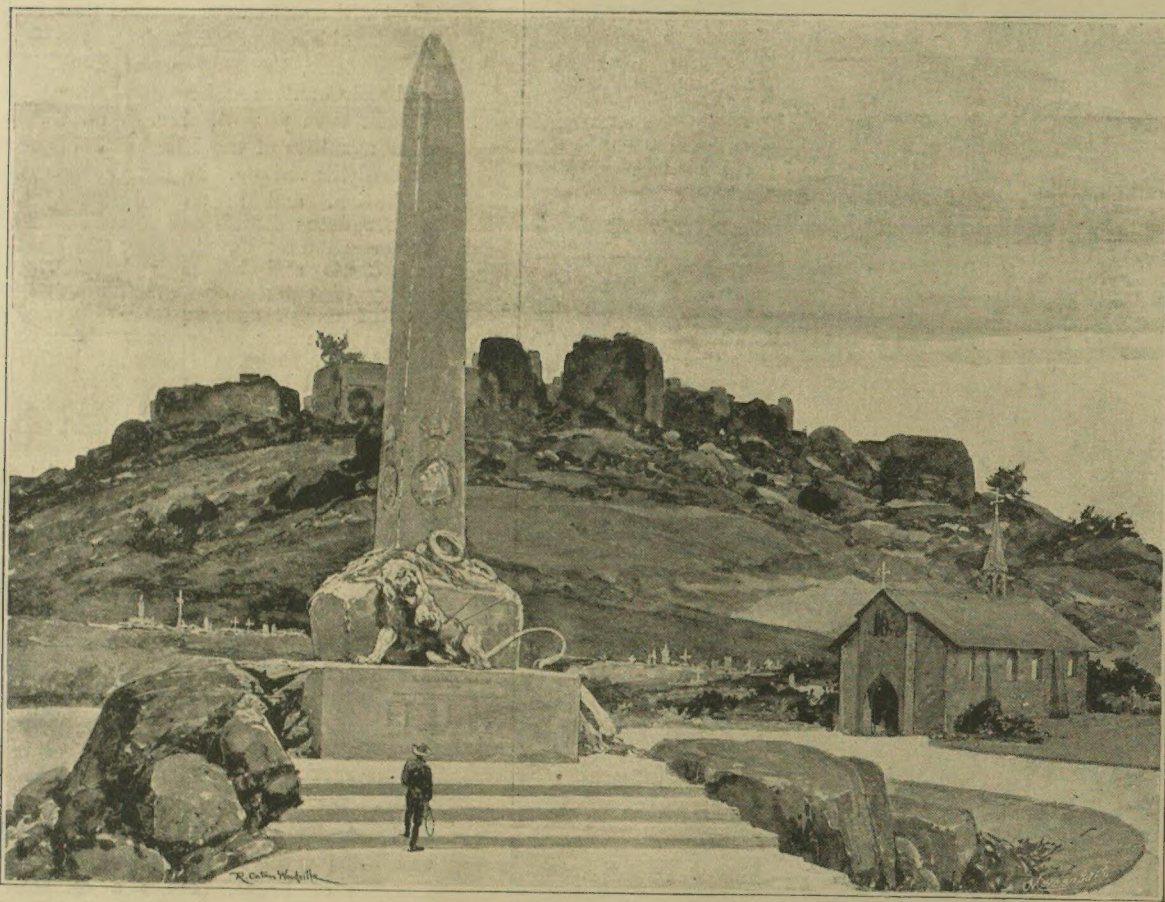
The elegant and once fashionable art of shooting with the long bow has been properly called "archery," and everybody knows the meaning of that word. "Toxophilite," however, derived from the Greek, cannot signify anything but the love of the bow; perhaps many people would naturally think it might be the designation of some chemical compound. But if they were admitted to the beautiful grounds of a highly select society, in the inner circle of Regent's Park, they would soon be enlightened, and would learn to admire a graceful kind of skill, not, indeed, so robust an exercise as lawn tennis, yet sufficiently amusing for leisure hours of a summer day.

A LECTURE ON THE MATABILI WAR.

Some incidents of the brief and rapid campaign, so ably planned and promptly executed, against the Matabili army of King Lo Bengula, in the interior of South Africa, were related on Tuesday evening, July 10, by General Digby Willoughby, to a good audience in St. James's Hall. The Duke of Abercorn and the Duke of Fife, Directors of the British South Africa Company, whose agents merit the chief honours of that remarkable military achievement, were present at this lecture. Its object was to aid the founding of a hospital at Bulawayo in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who fell and died in that campaign. There was a picture before the audience representing "The Last Stand," in which our Artist, Mr. R. Caton Woodville, had depicted a memorable action, from the information given by General Willoughby, who received the details from the natives who were present at the fight, also from the particulars collected by Messrs. Dawson and Reilly, who were sent by Dr. Jameson to recover the dead bodies of Major Allan Wilson and his brave comrades. It had at first been considered that a monument should be raised in honour of Major Wilson's party on the spot where they fell; but it is the wish of Mr. Cecil Rhodes that such a monument should be erected at Zimbabwe, where a chapel will be built and the ground will be consecrated. At Zimbabwe are the famous and mysterious ruins, over three thousand years old, now almost intact, which are likely hereafter to



MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE'S PICTURE, "THE LAST STAND,"
REPRESENTING THE FATE OF MAJOR ALLAN WILSON AND HIS COMRADES IN THE MATABILI WAR.



INTENDED MONUMENT AT ZIMBABWE, SOUTH AFRICA,
IN MEMORY OF MAJOR ALLAN WILSON AND HIS COMRADES, KILLED IN THE MATABILI WAR.

attract many curious and learned travellers, and that spot will be the resting-place of the honoured dead, whose courage will be an example to every Englishman, not only in South Africa, but over the whole world. The obelisk will be 105 ft. high. The cost of the chapel and grounds will be £20,000. The whole of this cost will be defrayed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, as a tribute to those countrymen of ours who "fought and died like valiant men and true."

There is no country in South Africa that offers such facilities to the agriculturist as Matabililand, from the Inkweni River in the south to its northern limit. All European cereals thrive, European and tropical fruits and vegetables flourish abundantly. The climate is as healthy as that of the Transvaal or Free State. It is likely, moreover, that this land will prove one of the largest and richest gold-fields, extending to within sixty miles of the Zambesi in the north, and from the Sabi in the east to the Nata River in the west. The Matabili never allowed any search for gold in the land actually inhabited by them.

THE MURDERER OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

The perpetrator of an atrocious crime under pretext of zeal for the fantastic doctrines of Anarchism—or of any other Socialist, political, or religious theory whose votaries resort to terrorism and assassination—will often prove to be a wicked and silly youngster, sick of his own personal obscurity and insignificance, seeking to become notorious, and incapable of understanding the difference between infamy and glory. Any fool can use a dagger or a pistol, or throw a case of dynamite, or set a building on fire; and it is just the vicious fool who finds

his own life so worthless that he does not mind the gallows or the guillotine, as a means of escaping the galling sense of self-contempt. Santo Caserio, or Caserio Santo Jeronimo—the common North Italian practice of transposing names renders it uncertain how to arrange his precious appellations—is such a vain and mischievous human ape as ought to be severely flogged and set on the treadmill, and further doomed to ignominious penal servitude until long after his wretched example is forgotten. Look at the photograph of him, seated in prison, with strong fetters linking his wrists to the rigid girdle and the upright bar from the neck to between the legs—a needless safeguard, one would think, against the violence of that puny creature, whom any warder could knock down with one box on the ear! This is the portrait, taken on June 28 in the prison of St. Paul at Lyons, of that celebrated baker's apprentice, the latest of the foreign Sim Tappertits, who fancied himself a modern Brutus when he undertook to kill President Carnot. "Moi, Anarchiste, j'ai frappé un chef d'Etat. Je l'ai fait comme j'aurai tué un roi ou un empereur quelconque de n'importe quelle nationalité!" But is it wise to gratify his ambition of dying, as he imagines, a martyr and hero?

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

The Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa has been a decided success. Sir John Thompson was very happy in his declaration that the Conference was assembled "to plight anew our faith in one another, never yet tarnished, and our affection for the Motherland." But perhaps the most effective speech, seeing its origin, was that delivered by Mr. Laurier, leader of the Liberal forces of Canada. Mr. Laurier's presence at the Conference is itself significant; and when his utterances are read in the light of the fact that he stands for what was once most doubtful and embarrassing in Canadian political life, they may well be accepted as gratifying evidence of the loyalty of French Canada to British institutions. The Conference, Mr. Laurier truly said, "points to the completest freedom of local self-government combining with fuller unity of action for imperial purposes," and he then went on to declare that when Macaulay's historic New Zealander comes to London he will come not to sketch the ruins of the Empire, but to devise under the shade of St. Paul's with his fellow-citizens the means of perpetuating the greatness of the Empire at home and abroad.



SANTO CASERIO, THE ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.
Photograph taken in Prison, June 28.



NIGHT ILLUMINATIONS AT HENLEY REGATTA, JULY 4 TO JULY 6.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited on Saturday, July 7, by the French Empress Eugénie and Prince Napoleon, who dined with the Queen and royal family, and left Windsor next day. The Russian Czarévitch and Princess Alix of Hesse are staying with her Majesty.

The Queen, on Wednesday, July 11, visited the military camp at Aldershot.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, on July 7 attended Speech Day at Harrow School, where they were received by the Rev. J. C. Weldon, Head Master, and by Earl Spencer, chairman of the governing body. The little town on the hill, which is such a conspicuous feature of West Middlesex, was decorated with flags and pennons on lines of red poles along its principal street. Volunteers of the 9th Middlesex Battalion kept the roadway clear. Their Royal Highnesses met with a cordial popular welcome. The doors of the Speech Room house were guarded by some of the School Volunteer Cadet Corps. The scholars' recitations began shortly before the arrival of the Prince and Princesses. They comprised Mr. John Bright's speech on the American Civil War, in 1862; a scene from a modern French comedy; a modern Greek poem, recited by Ralli; a scene from Sheridan's "Critic"; Macaulay's Roman ballad of "Virginius"; another French comedy scene; Archbishop Magee's speech on Irish Church Disestablishment; a scene from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, in Greek; a poem on the British Navy, in English; another scene of Sheridan's play, and some Greek and Latin humorous epigrams, alluding to the politics of this day. The Princess of Wales herself graciously handed the prize-books and medals to the young gentlemen who had won them. Baker, senior, the head of the school, winner of prizes for Greek iambics, English essay, geography, and divinity, spoke the epilogue in English verse, and was presented to her Royal Highness.

On Tuesday, July 10, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, left London for North Wales, to return on Friday. They are the guests of Lord Penrhyn, at Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor. On Wednesday they visited the Welsh Eisteddfod, and went to Carnarvon Castle, returning down the Menai Strait in a yacht. Next day they inspect the Penrhyn slate quarries at Llanberis, near Snowdon. On Friday they stop at Rhyl, to open the Alexandra Convalescent Home for Children.

The christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York, at White Lodge, Richmond, on Monday, July 16, will be attended by the Queen.

A state concert was given at Buckingham Palace on Monday evening, July 9, by command of the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales and others of the royal family were present.

The Duke of York on Tuesday, July 10, distributed the prizes to pupils on board the London School Board's training-ship *Shaftesbury*, in the Thames.

At a City meeting held in Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding, on July 9, an address of congratulation to the Queen on the birth of her great-grandchild, the first-born of the Duke and Duchess of York, was unanimously adopted.

The election for the seat vacated by the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, the Attercliff division of Sheffield, has resulted in the return of Alderman Batty Langley (Ministerialist), who received 4486 votes, against 3495 recorded for Mr.

G. H. Smith (Conservative), and 1249 for Mr. Frank Smith (Labour).

A letter from Mr. Gladstone to the Midlothian Liberal Association, read at its meeting on July 7, announced his intention not again to enter the House of Commons. Sir T. Gibson Carmichael is nominated Liberal candidate for that constituency at the next General Election.

The yachting season has been marred by a disaster on the Clyde on July 5—the sinking of Lord Dunraven's yacht, the *Valkyrie*, the third or fourth of that name. Before a race, while four vessels were manoeuvring for position for the start, the *Valkyrie* and *Satanita* came into collision, with the result that the *Valkyrie* sank in a few minutes and the *Satanita*, with a gaping hole in her bows, had to withdraw for repairs. The race between the *Britannia* and *Vigilant* was won by the former, after a very close and exciting contest.

In the Upper House of Convocation on July 6, the Bishop of London moved resolutions condemnatory of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and urging that concerted measures in opposition to that measure should be taken in every diocese. The resolutions were unanimously carried. In the Lower House, a report of a committee on the

of reform; and to secure efficiency, economy, and consistency in the administration of the County Council, the School Board, the Asylums Board, and all the local authorities of the metropolis.

The Municipal Council of Paris celebrates the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, on July 14, with gratuitous performances at seven theatres and three circuses, illumination of the municipal buildings, and al fresco balls.

The new President of the Republic, M. Casimir-Périer, has granted pardons to 374 persons condemned for violence in connection with workmen's strikes and other common offences, but the Anarchist conspirators are excluded from pardon.

The Government of the French Republic loses no time in its necessary task of contriving legal restraints on the hideous Anarchist conspiracy. A Bill has been submitted to the Chamber giving magistrates summary jurisdiction over incitements to murder or destruction of buildings, and prohibiting the publication of reports of Anarchists' trials. It appears that the Government is willing to introduce into the Bill a distinction, by which, in the case of a merely seditious or insurrectionary attempt against internal security of the State, the criminal, as being charged with a

more or less political crime, would be tried before a jury. The speech of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on the propriety of checking the criminal conspiracies practised by aliens in England has been highly approved in France.

M. Burdeau has been elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, in the stead of M. Casimir-Périer, by 259 votes, against 157 for M. Brisson.

In the United States of America, throughout most of the Western States, but especially in that of Illinois and in the city of Chicago, a terrible condition of general disturbance, with fierce local conflicts, threatening civil or social war, and causing a total stoppage of trade and industry, has been prevailing for many days. At President Cleveland has sent his proclamations forbidding riots and unlawful assemblies, and announcing summary repressive measures, to

the States of Illinois, Montana, Idaho, Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, California, and New Mexico. Federal troops have been collected to disperse the insurgents, and the militia of several States are called out by the State Governors. The leaders of the Communist agitation seem to be a Mr. Debs, head of what is called the American Railway Union, formed of men of the labouring classes employed on the railways; and a Mr. Sovereign, entitled the "Grand Master Workman," controlling an association styled the "Knights of Labour." Railway plant and buildings, and stores of merchandise, to an immense amount, have been destroyed, also the Chicago Exhibition Buildings. The troops have been obliged to fire on the rioters, and some persons have been killed. On Tuesday, July 10, there was a certain improvement in the aspect of affairs, and Mr. Debs was arrested; but the damage and loss so far must be reckoned at millions sterling. The railway blockade has been complete enough to reduce the eastward traffic, within a fortnight, from a weekly tonnage of 112,591 to 48,385.

Severe shocks of earthquake, on Tuesday, July 10, at Constantinople and on the neighbouring shores of the Bosphorus, destroyed many houses, and caused the loss of at least fifty lives. The direction of the earthquake shocks was from east to west. Several houses in the Stamboul and Galata quarters collapsed, and a portion of the new quays also crumbled away. The inhabitants are quite panic-stricken.



SPEECH DAY AT HARROW SCHOOL, JULY 7: WAITING FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

spiritual needs of the Welsh-speaking population beyond the limits of the Principality was discussed, and resolutions were adopted. A resolution recognising the responsibility of the Church in regard to the religious teaching in Board schools, with the object of securing it on a distinct and definite basis, was also approved.

At Grosvenor House on July 6 a meeting of those interested in the Scandinavian method of public-house reform was held under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, who described the Gothenburg system. Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P., moved a resolution for the establishment of a public-house reform association. He referred to his own endeavours in 1877 to introduce the Gothenburg system into this country. If such efforts were now revived, with greater prospect of success, the credit would be entirely due to the Bishop of Chester. The motion was seconded by Lord Thring and carried, and another resolution was carried calling on the Government to institute an inquiry into the Scandinavian system, by which no retail sellers of drink can have any interest in permitting customers a "drop too much."

The London Municipal Society has been founded with the active support of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Rowton, Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P., Sir H. James, M.P., most of the Conservative members for London in the House of Commons, and several members of the County Council. It proposes to bring municipal and social questions under public discussion, with a view to measures

PERSONAL.

At Messrs. Christie and Manson's sale-rooms, in King Street, St. James's Square, on Saturday, July 7, after disposing of the Fountaine collection, a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of "Lady Betty Delmé and Children," which had belonged to the late Mr. Seymour Robert



LADY BETTY DELMÉ AND CHILDREN.—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Picture Sold at Christie and Manson's for Eleven Thousand Guineas, the Highest Price ever Given for a Picture at an Auction in England.

Delmé, at his seat in Hampshire, was put up to auction, and was bought by Mr. Charles Wertheimer at the price of eleven thousand guineas. Although higher prices have been paid in some purchases by private contract, this exceeds any bidding ever offered at the auction-rooms for a single picture. It is considered, however, one of the very finest works of Reynolds, and is in very good condition.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is eighty-two, received her living descendants, a hundred and one in number, at Montague House, Whitehall, on her birthday. Such a birthday party, indeed, was surely never seen. The Dowager Duchess sat in the ball-room, and the various families defiled before her, beginning with her eldest daughter, the Dowager Duchess of Lichfield, with thirteen children and thirteen grandchildren. Some people have evidently no superstition about unlucky numbers. Next came the thirteen children and fifteen grandchildren of the late Countess of Durham, the Duchess of Buccleuch with seven children, and the four children and four grandchildren—this duplication of numbers from generation to generation seems to run in the family—of the late Countess of Mount-Edgumbe. This remarkable company also included the Duke of Abercorn, Countess Winterton, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Frederick and Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Marchioness of Blandford, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne. The heroine of this delightful ceremony must have felt prouder even than the most distinguished of military commanders reviewing his troops.

The Dean of Christ Church has made a very temperate and forcible reply to the protest of the Duke of Buccleuch and others against the sending down of certain men. The protestors said it was intolerable that undergraduates who were innocent of the window-breaking in the college should be punished because their guests joined in the riot. The Dean replies that as the undergraduates took no pains to restrain their guests, the principle of vicarious responsibility is indispensable to discipline. This is true enough in the particular case. It would be absurd to extend the principle to all hospitality, to make a host at the Carlton Club, as one writer has put it, responsible for the behaviour of guests who should break the lamps in Pall Mall after dinner; but strangers who are introduced into a college, and allowed by their friends to wreck the windows, cannot do this except by the deliberate connivance of the men who take them there. Too much has been made of the whole business. The rusticated undergraduates will not suffer a stigma all their lives. One of them is Lord Archibald Campbell's son, the future Duke of Argyll. Does anybody believe that he will forfeit the loyalty of the Campbell clan because he was privy to breaking windows at Oxford?

The *Daily Chronicle* has published an admirable translation of a work by Count Tolstoi which illustrates in a very striking way the curious obsession of that great writer's mind by the idea that the brotherhood of man can be achieved by brilliant sarcasms on international alliances, patriotism, and war. Tolstoi gives a sardonic account of the Franco-Russian *fêtes*, quite as good in its grim humour as anything in Carlyle. He describes, too, the attempt of a French politician to persuade some Russian field hands that it was their patriotic duty to help France against Germany. This episode, with its sidelight on the character of the Russian peasant, is a delightful piece of writing. Tolstoi is convinced that patriotism is only a bad tradition kept alive by officials for their own ends, and that if every man will have the courage to speak his mind it will be found by and by that public opinion all over the world is opposed to war and to the arbitrary limitations of races. This is magnificent, but it is not practical politics, nor does it take any account of poor human nature. It is idle to tell us that wars are made not by nations but by selfish rulers and unscrupulous diplomatists. In the last great European struggle popular feeling in Russia was undoubtedly warlike, whatever Tolstoi may say. Who will pretend that the French and German peoples were opposed to the war of 1870? Some day we may reach that stage of progress when the smitten on one cheek will turn the other, and when we shall cease not only to go to war, but even to go to law. That is too remote, however, to engage the immediate attention of statesmen and administrators.

Professor Huxley has written one of his brief and entertaining letters to say that immortality has no charm for him if he is after death to indulge in the pranks of the Cock Lane Ghost. Should that be imperative, he says he will submit to the degradation, but it is not fair to ask him to welcome such a prospect. Professor Huxley is more likely to imitate the scientific man in Heine's well-known story, who was in the habit of arguing with a friend against the immortality of the soul. The night he died his ghost appeared at his friend's bedside and continued the argument as if nothing had happened. Then, according to his wont, he said it was growing late, put his hand into his pocket for his watch, and pulled out a handful of worms. It is a gruesome little anecdote, which ought to suit Professor Huxley's humour better than the legend of Cock Lane.

The news of Mr. J. M. Barrie's marriage to Miss Mary Ansell has excited a pleasing sentiment in the literary world. Mr. Barrie has happily been restored to health after a very serious illness, and it is quite on the lines of the good old-fashioned novel that he should celebrate his convalescence by marrying the charming girl who has nursed him so devotedly. When we see this sort of thing on the stage, we smile cynically, and wonder why the playwright should delude himself into the belief that he can impose this ancient device upon us at the end of the century. The best cure for that sort of cynicism is to read the story



ALL-COMERS' PRIZE CUP AT THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.
PRESENTED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

of Mr. Barrie's marriage, and then to go and see his play, "The Professor's Love Story." After that prescription the most hardened cynic will find himself set up with enough wholesome sentiment to last through this critical period just before the birth of century number twenty. Mr. Willard's performance as the Professor is something not to be forgotten, and the two Scotch labourers who are rivals, but rather cautious in their love-making, will make the cynic laugh till he is quite incapable of a single dyspeptic idea.

The brief biography of that highly gifted young poet, the contemporary of Byron and Shelley, whose death at Rome in 1821 may have prevented his genius from producing, in its maturity, works equal to theirs, has associated part of his feverish but tolerably blameless life with the suburban village of Hampstead. It is still easy to point out the house in John Street, near the East Heath, where he resided, which stands next to Wentworth House, then belonging to his friend Charles Armitage Browne. He had another sometime dwelling in Well Walk, and there is a bench representing the seat upon which the consumptive invalid gasped for breath when Coleridge, who had walked over from West Highgate to see him, felt sure that Keats would soon die. American



MARBLE BUST OF KEATS IN HAMPSTEAD PARISH CHURCH.

lovers of the English literature which is as much their "joy for ever" as ours have contributed funds to place a marble bust of Keats in the old parish church of Hampstead; the late Mr. James Russell Lowell, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and Mr. Bret Harte were among the promoters of this graceful gift. The bust has been sculptured by an American lady, Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston. Monday, July 16, at four o'clock in the afternoon, is the appointed time for the ceremony of unveiling, at which Mr. Edmund Gosse, on behalf of English men of letters, accepts this token of fraternal sentiment from the opposite shore of the Atlantic Ocean—from citizens of the United States, who remember that we and they, if we do not possess the same fatherland in common, speak, write, and read the same beloved mother-tongue.

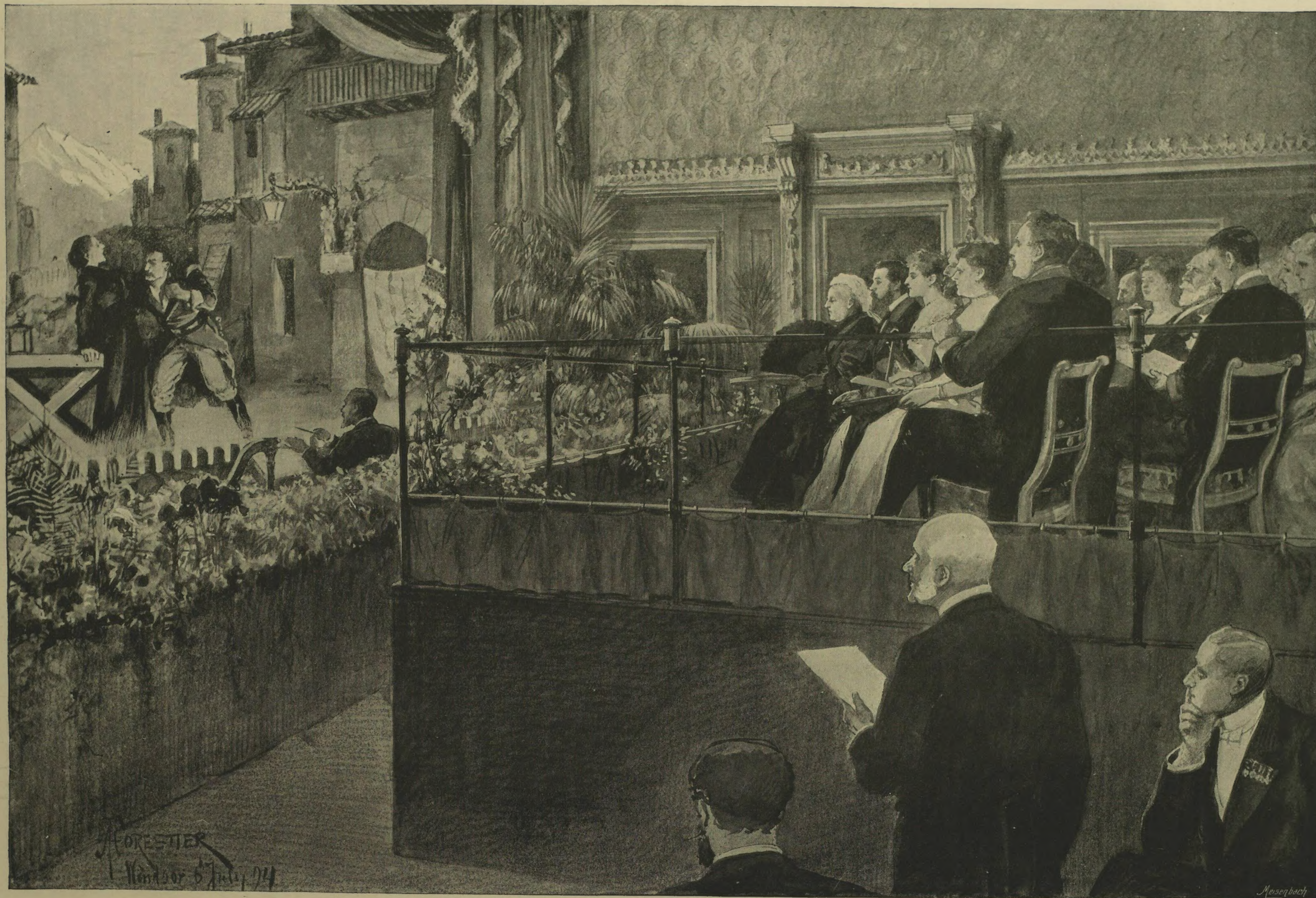
The Rev. Canon Hoare, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells, who has just died at the age of eighty-three, held for many years an important place among the leaders of Evangelical thought and work in the Church of England. He was the oldest member of the committee of the Church Missionary Society, and his counsel was eagerly sought on all matters of importance. When questions of much delicacy came up in the committee-room, he was often heard to great advantage; though he did not always take a popular line, it was felt that any course advised by him was likely to be safe and wise. It was Canon Hoare who in 1885, at the Portsmouth Church Congress, declared that the "victory" of the aesthetic party in the matter of the reredos at St. Paul's would bring disaster upon the Church. But he was personally one of the kindest of men, and was beloved by his people at Tunbridge Wells. He was a graduate of Cambridge, where he came out as fifth Wrangler in 1834.

Dean Hole is about to undertake a lecturing tour in the United States. He will not discourse upon ecclesiastical subjects, for which Americans have no great relish. His delightful "Reminiscences" suggest the kind of topics the Dean and his auditors will find most congenial. Another English divine, the Rev. Charles Gore, editor of the much-abused "Lux Mundi," is also going a-lecturing. He intends to visit Australia, where his dissertations are to deal with religious matters. Mr. Gore has no playful reminiscences to draw upon; he is much more serious than the Dean of Rochester, and he will tell the Australians that he is not a heretic.

In our issue for July 7 an error occurred on the page containing portraits of "Assassinated Rulers of the World." The portrait of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, was erroneously inserted in place of that of Gustavus III., who was shot at a masque-ball, in the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, on March 16, 1792. King Gustavus Vasa died peacefully after a long illness, on Sept. 29, 1560, and it was his namesake, who reigned two hundred years afterwards, who should have figured in this page.

THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

On Tuesday, July 10, the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, formerly held at Wimbledon, but of late years on Bisley Common, beyond Woking, was commenced under favourable conditions. Several permanent buildings have been erected on the ground since last year by the Inns of Court Volunteers, the English Twenty Club, and others. There is an important new competition, beginning on Wednesday, July 11, for the Imperial Prize, open to men of all ranks in the regular Army, the Royal Marines, and the Militia, who are not eligible to compete for the Queen's Prize. The shooting for the Ashburton Shield takes place next day. The All-Comers' Prize Cup, presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, is shown in our illustration. It is of sterling silver, richly chased in relief, and bears the following inscription: "National Rifle Association, Bisley Common Meeting, 1893. Presented by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. All-Comers' Prize." This cup was manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.



PERFORMANCE BY THE ROYAL OPERA COMPANY BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE, FRIDAY, JULY 6: SCENE FROM "LA NAVARRAISE."



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER II.

During the next three years, those that followed on the news of Richard Morris's death, Katherine felt herself to be under the dominion not only of her Uncle Robert but of Mr. Belcher. Mr. Morris appeared to grow fonder of her, but he silently controlled every action of her life—so that she did not dare to spend a single hour in a manner of which he would have disapproved. The sense of his authority directed even the lonely walks in the Eltham Woods which Susan Barnes sometimes allowed her to take on summer afternoons. She never dared to stay among the nut-trees and blackberry bushes to day-dream or to wonder about the future, but walked on methodically and sedately, so that she might not fail to get into the time she was out the right amount of exercise. Her school lessons went on regularly, though Mrs. Barrett's pupils decreased in number, for the schoolmistress meant to retire in a year or two, and had lost her eagerness. When she was sixteen, Katherine made friends with Alice Irvine, the daughter of an officer quartered at Woolwich, a pretty girl, who took lessons at Mrs. Barrett's chiefly to fill out her time, for she was nineteen and supposed to have finished her education. The intimacy soon came to an end, for Alice Irvine went to India with her father, and the solitary break in the monotony of Katherine's girlhood ended. Mr. Belcher appeared regularly every Saturday. She understood that he always came on business, and was solicitor to some Company of which her uncle was chief director, and they evidently had a great deal to talk over. He seemed to manage Mr. Morris's affairs, and gained an ascendancy over him till he almost ruled the house.

On the day she was seventeen a strange thing happened. She had hitherto on her birthday had a cake covered with white sugar. It was severely put on to the tea-table by Susan Barnes, and though Katherine was allowed to cut it, she was not allowed to eat it at will—it had to be served to the household for the next fortnight, and it was the yearly recognition of her childhood, and Katherine looked forward to it. This time when Susan Barnes asked a week before if she was to make Miss Katherine's cake, Mr. Morris looked at her wonderingly.

"Cake?" he said severely; "why, no, she'll be seventeen. A young woman! What does a young woman want with cake?" Then when Susan had left the room he turned and looked at his niece as if he were considering some momentous question concerning her.

"You are very tall," he said at last, "you have your mother's blue eyes and dark hair. I suppose you're pretty," he added grimly. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you; in another year or two you ought to be getting a husband."

It was the queerest thing to say, Katherine thought, as she went to school. It opened a vista of life in a part of the world that was not Shooter's Hill, and with somebody who was not Uncle Robert. When her birthday came it was on a

Saturday, and Mrs. Barrett gave her a copy of "Lalla Rookh" in a dark binding with gilt edges and a narrow green ribbon marker.

"We shall separate soon, my dear Katherine," she said tremulously, "but you have been my favourite pupil, and I shall always remember you. I shall retire in another year, but perhaps your uncle will consider that your education is finished even before that period, and wish to take you away."

"I hope not," Katherine answered. "I should be so sorry to leave you." And she thought how dreary it would be to live morning after morning without passing the two roadways she had looked down all her life. Still, she was growing older, and she realised it, even while she stood looking at her schoolmistress and the familiar school-desks, and thought curiously of the world beyond the soldiers and band, on the one side, and the moat and immovable crane on the other. There were times when a strange eagerness came over her, so that she felt she could have run along the great Dover Road, over the hill and past the Bull through Welling and Bexley, and on and on till she saw the white cliffs on the far-away coast. She was like a bird flapping its wings before it dared to fly. Some day, she felt, without knowing that she did so, they would bear her far away.

Mr. Belcher had arrived when she returned. She wished Uncle Robert had been alone, and that he and she had been going for one of the old long walks together in the afternoon. "I think he would have been kind to me," she thought.

"Seventeen, I understand, Katherine," Mr. Belcher said. "Seventeen is always considered grown-up for a young lady. I have brought you a present." He said it in a voice that sounded like a dominant note in her life, and he produced a brown leather case, the like of which she had never seen except in the shop windows at Woolwich. Her hands trembled as she pressed the spring and disclosed a little gold neck-chain, from which was suspended a heart covered with turquoises.

"Is this for me?" she asked with a wondering smile. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Belcher. It is kind of you."

"Mind you take care of it," he answered, looking at a dimple in her cheek. "I don't think the snap is very strong."

"I have a present for you too, Katherine," Mr. Morris said, knitting his shaggy eyebrows together. "But I waited till Belcher came before I gave it to you. Here it is, my dear." Something in his voice made Katherine's heart bound, while a sob that was half joy rose in her throat. Then he too gave her a case, and in it was a little gold watch.

"Perhaps it may be useful to you," he added apologetically, as if he were half ashamed of giving her anything ornamental.

"Oh, it is lovely!" she sighed, full of joyful surprise. She borrowed an old guard of Susan's and put it round her neck, and tucked the watch into her waistband, and felt that the day was a happy one.

She wandered about the garden in the afternoon and peered

over the fence towards the woods, and wished she could scurry away round by Severndroog and over the fields and through the churchyard to Eltham. Then she looked round and saw Mr. Belcher.

"We are to go for a walk," he said.

"Is Uncle Robert coming too?"

"No," he answered shortly, "we are going alone. Come, I saw your hat in the hall."

She followed him meekly into the house, not daring to refuse. He reached down her hat and her little tweed cloak that hung beneath it; there were some gloves in the pocket; and she walked out beside him, down the pathway and through the gate, and on to the main road. He hesitated a moment. "We'll go over the hill," he said, and she gave a sigh of relief; for she had been so afraid he would go to the woods. They walked on in silence for ten minutes. Every now and then he looked at her in a curious, half-doubtful manner. When he spoke it almost made her start.

"Well, what do you think of being seventeen?" he asked.

She thought of the new experiences the day had brought and answered with a little sigh, "I think it is very nice."

"What do you suppose will happen to you in the future?"

"I cannot tell," she said, looking forward at the long white road that stretched into the distance. Then, just as they were passing the Bull, he asked a surprising question—

"Do you think you would like to go and live in London?"

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully. "There are so many people, and there are no— " She was going to say woods, but she would not remind him of them lest he should want to turn down the narrow pathway on the right that led to one she knew. "—there are no walks."

"You could drive in the park or go to the theatre. Perhaps some day, if you get a good husband—do you think you'd like a husband, Katherine?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I am not old enough yet."

His steps slackened for a moment; he looked at the road ahead and hesitated.

"We won't go any farther this way," he said decisively, and turned round quickly. They retraced their steps till they passed the Bull again. Just a few yards below it, turning off on the right, was a road overhung by trees. It looked still and deserted.

"Where does this lead to?" he asked.

"It is Shrewsbury Lane; it leads to Plum Lane. But it is getting late, and—"

"Plenty of time," he answered; "come along," and Katherine helplessly followed. She pulled out her watch and turned it over and looked at it, thinking she was unobserved.

"You'd better take care of that watch," he said; "he gave a good deal for it. I was with him when he bought it."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said; "I was thinking that it was very kind of him to give it me—it was very kind of you to give me the chain, Mr. Belcher."

"Do you like ornaments?"

She considered for a moment.

"Yes, I think so," she said—and they went on a little way in silence. Then she spoke again. "If we lived in London we should get a great many more books; but I should be afraid to go about alone, and there would be no places to sketch—I had some lessons at Mrs. Barrett's," she added hurriedly, "and the country is so lovely."

"You could walk about alone if you were married," he said, and looked at her meaningly; but she answered nothing.

They came to a narrow pathway that turned off on to the left, and led downwards through an undergrowth of brake and briar to Woolwich Common.

"This looks like a quiet way," he said; "we'll try it."

"It's longer round. We should be late for Uncle Robert."

"Plenty of time," he said again decisively: and again

she followed him. It was a lonely path, there was not a soul within sight or sound. She lingered a little way behind; but he stopped and waited for her. "Take my arm," he said. She shrank back in visible dismay, but he held it out, and she did as he told her. "You'll never get married if you behave like that," he said, "a wife always takes her husband's arm and walks beside him."

She did not answer a word, but a little fright crept into her heart and stayed there all that day and put a mark on the months that followed.

At the end of the year she left school. Mrs. Barrett's health failed, and she went away to live with a sister in the country: so the windows of the house down the road were closed, and a padlock put on the gate.

This was at the beginning of the winter. Katherine was growing older and impatient; her uncle was a little kinder to her, perhaps, but he held aloof as much as ever. She had sketched nearly every point in the neighbourhood, and read all the books in the house, carrying them usually to the steps of Severndroog Tower. She found it better to sit there in the sunshine safely hidden from everything, save the crows and the trees, than to go to the woods with their bare twigs and soddened pathways and the frightened rabbits that scuttled through the underwood. Mr. Belcher came as much as ever, and his manner towards her was different. He did not talk to her much, but he looked at her a good deal, and there was something in his expression that made her fear him and invent excuses for hurrying out of sight as much as possible on the Saturdays he spent at the White House.

Then a change came. Susan Barnes fell ill and kept her bed for weeks, while Katherine nursed her, and gained, at the same time, some knowledge of housekeeping. After a time Susan grew better, but she would never be good for anything again, the doctor said; and she pleaded to be allowed to go to her own people at Bridgewater to end her days. Then, as if to complicate matters further, the owner of the White House refused to

renew Mr. Morris's lease, and Katherine knew that he was discussing closely with Mr. Belcher the question of where to live if he had to seek another home. He was growing old; the news of his son's death had put twenty years on to him; the journeys to and fro from London tried him sorely, his silences were longer, his instincts seemed to develop more and more strongly in the direction of solitude. Even on his walks he no longer asked her to accompany him, and, stern and silent, turned away from her half-appealing look as he left the house and went on his way alone. She tried singing to him once; music-lessons had been included in her course at Mrs. Barrett's, and the old-fashioned school-mistress had taken care that she learnt old English songs, and the new-fashioned teacher had seen that the German ones were not left out. She had the fresh young voice of a thrush, but he only looked at her coldly for a moment and said, "Keep your songs for when I am out of doors; I don't care for music."

"He is a hard man," Susan muttered to herself, "and no

one could ever get round him—though Mr. Belcher seems pretty nigh doing it," she added.

"Susan," asked Katherine, "must you go away? I will do all your work for you, and take such care of you if you will stay, you dear old Susan." She put her arms round the old woman's neck; but Susan did not respond very kindly. During the long years spent in his service she had learnt something of her master's coldness and reserve.

"I am going to my own people, Miss Katherine," she said, "I don't want to spend all my days in service."

"But you have been all my days with me," the girl answered, "don't you like me?" She only said "like" and felt a little shy even of that.

"Oh, yes, Miss Katherine; I like you, especially since you've grown older; you were very tiresome about not taking

and along the Severndroog road and through a gate into a brambly untidy field, and disappear with him through the trees at the end till she came to the tower and the little open space around it. Then she would sit down with Dottel on the steps and talk to him, and pull up his skin in ruts upon his body, and tell him that he was hideous—"a dear dog, but very hideous."

Thus came an end to many things. Quite suddenly one afternoon in midwinter, as the twilight was coming on, Mr. Belcher appeared, just as he had appeared before her long ago behind the laurel bank.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said, with his odd smile. "I wondered where it was you hid yourself so often. It's getting late; come back. He gave Dottel a little kick: the dog growled and showed his teeth for answer.

"I don't want to go back just yet," she said.

"It's time," he answered curtly. "Come, I've something to say to you."

With the habit of obedience to his sex strong upon her, she rose and stood before him as if waiting for his next command.

"Take my arm," he said, "it's getting dark." They went back under the trees, over the brambly field, and towards the gate; but, instead of opening it, he stopped and leant on it, and looked at her triumphantly. The twilight was gathering closer and closer round them, but he could see her face plainly—a girl's face with grey-blue eyes and a mass of dark hair coiled tightly round her head. "She'll be a good-looking woman some day," he thought. "I believe she's as tall as I am now," and he mentally measured her height.

"Let me see," he said, "how old are you, Katherine?"

"Eighteen."

"Time for that husband we talked about."

"Please don't say that," she answered, and her hand sought the latch of the gate. He firmly lifted it off.

"That is what I mean to talk about," he answered. "You can't go on living here for ever. Do you think you would like to be married?"

"I never think about it, I am not old enough."

"Eighteen's quite old enough. A man doesn't want to marry a frump." He put his face nearer to hers. "Give me a kiss," he said.

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed with a little cry of half-terror and half-surprise. "Please let me go back." She stooped towards Dottel, who was wandering round her feet and trying one uncomfortable attitude after another.

"Nonsense!" he said, with another laugh, as if her resistance were part of a game. "Do you think you'd like to marry me?" She looked up as if she thought he had gone mad.

"Marry you, Mr. Belcher? Oh, no! Why, you are too old." It was said in sheer bewilderment, and without any offence in her voice.

"Thirty-six," he answered; "excellent difference—the man should be a good bit older."

Thirty-six seemed like middle age to Katherine, who remembered him a grown man ever since she was a little girl. Moreover, Mr. Belcher, though he was moderately tall, was a little inclined to stoutness of figure, which added to his years, and his trim whiskers and manner of dressing did not take away from them. Katherine was silent for a moment. Then she pleaded—

"Do let me go home, Mr. Belcher. Uncle Robert will be expecting us."

"He knows all about it. Highly approves; and said we'd better settle it up at once. Do you think you'll like living in London?"

"Uncle Robert knows and approves?" she said, unbelievably.

"Yes, of course he does. So you'd better give me that kiss."

She shrank back with dread. An expression shot from his eyes that showed that he would reckon with her by and by.



"Do you think you'd like to marry me?" "Marry you, Mr. Belcher? Oh, no! Why, you are too old!"

care of your things when you were young. But I want to go to my home—one's own is one's own all the world over."

The one little pleasure of those months, oddly enough, came through Mr. Belcher. It was in the shape of a bull pup. He brought it down with him for the first time one day late in October, a white and black pugnacious thing, with a queer ugly face and a brisk tail, and a loose, wrinkled skin that had a very little body inside it. It was called "Dottel," and took to Katherine immediately, and consoled her for Martyr's absolute indifference, for the old black retriever cared for no one but his master, and nothing but the door-mat on which he lay from morning to night. She found herself watching once or twice for Mr. Belcher's coming, simply because it meant that she would see Dottel pattering beside him, slow and heavy, but ready to snarl and snap on the least provocation. She used to beguile him down the garden and through the back gate by which she had once broken the flower-bowl, on to the main road, and across to the post-office, where they sold chocolates, and back again, round the corner by the wall,

"Oh! very well," he said, with a disagreeable laugh, "if you'd rather not. You will have to come to it, and you'll find it much more amusing to take me the right way than to take me the wrong one. Come, we'll go back; then you can ask your uncle. I should think you must know by this time that when he has made up his mind to a thing he'll carry it through." He closed the gate after them as they went on to the Severndroog road. "Perhaps it's as well to tell you at once that it's my method also, so come along"; and with a jerk he pulled her hand through his arm again. "I shall take you to the theatre, and give you some pleasure now and then if you are a good girl," he added as he drew her reluctantly along. It was not five minutes to the house. As they reached the garden he pulled up and looked at her with an air of proprietorship; while Dottel, waddling on in front, stopped as if he, too, had something to do with the matter.

"Where is Uncle Robert?" she asked scornfully.

"Waiting for you—he wants to give us his blessing. Why, Katherine, you'll be Mrs. Edward Belcher, and live in Montague Place, and look after the house and sit at the head of the table. Rather different from Shooter's Hill and going to school? You ought to be quite pleased."

She did not speak a word till they reached the house. Then she turned and faced him.

"I want to see Uncle Robert alone," she said haughtily. And, leaving him in doubt whether to follow her or not, she entered the dining-room and shut the door. Mr. Morris was sitting over the fire.

"Uncle Robert," she asked in dismay, the excitement she had suppressed in the interview that had just taken place flashing from her eyes, and indignant incredulity making itself heard in her voice, "you don't want me to marry Mr. Belcher, do you?"

Mr. Morris looked up at her for a moment in silence.

"Yes, I do," he answered firmly. "He will make you a good husband and I shall know that you are taken care of. He is well off, and—"

"Oh, but I can't, indeed!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It would be dreadful."

"That is only because you are young, my dear," he answered kindly, but with determination that sounded like a decree, "and don't know what is best for you. I have thought it well over, and the thing is settled. Belcher will be very kind to you—"

"But why can't I stay with you? I don't want to go away."

"I am going away. I must, for the lease of this house is up. I am very lonely since my son died," he added in a lower voice. "Probably I shall take rooms in London near a club."

"Let me stay with you there," she pleaded, and put her hand on his. But he shook his head.

"I want to be alone," he answered, "and I am getting old, Katherine, and want to see you settled. I have done the best I can for you, and have told Belcher what my intentions are, so that he'll have every reason to be good to you. Now go away, my dear, and don't be foolish."

"I can't be married to him, uncle. I don't like him."

"You'll like him by and by, if he's good to you."

"Let me stay with Susan—"

"Nonsense! I tell you the thing is settled, we know what is best for you. Now go away," and he took up his newspaper again. She went out of the room, nearly falling over Martyr, who whined and moved out of her way.

"I must put a brick-bat round that poor old brute's neck and give him a wet bath," she heard her uncle say, "he's only a misery to himself and everyone else."

It was like a Fate-day Katherine thought, and she remembered a mystical story she had read the year before in which lives to live were dealt out to the people and there was no escape for them.

Dottel was on the stairs; he got up uneasily as she passed, went up a step or two after her, then, as if he had changed his mind, stopped and waddled down again, and went out to seek his master, who stood by the garden-door, waiting in calm certainty till Katherine had given over her foolish struggles and recognised the inevitable.

"Susan," Katherine said, creeping up to the woman, who was lying in the dark on her bed, "are you better? Can I talk to you?"

"Yes, come and sit down side of me, here, Miss Katherine. I'm better." Susan raised her pillows and turned her head round till Katherine could see the clear unflinching eyes looking at her through the shadows.

"Susan," she exclaimed, as if she felt that her news would bewilder her listener, "they want me to marry Mr. Belcher; me—me, to marry—"

"Well, Miss," and Susan raised her head a little higher. The girl sat down on the bed despairingly, for those two words betrayed that Susan too would be against her: so that, breaking down, she pleaded her own cause badly.

"But, Susan, he is so much older—and I am so young—and I don't want to be married, and I don't like him."

"If he makes you a good husband, you'll like him after a bit."

Oh, those terrible words, "a good husband"! There was something hopeless in the sound of them.

"But I can't, Susan." And she burst into tears and put her face down on the bedclothes that covered the woman's chest. "I don't want to be married. I don't want anything different, and I can't bear him," she sobbed. "Uncle Robert says I must, and Mr. Belcher—"

Susan raised herself still a little more and tried to hold her.

"Look here, Miss Katherine," she said, "your uncle knows what's best, and he's made up his mind, and you'll have to do it. Men's master, and we've got to give way to them. You'll find that out all through life, and you must just make the best of it. If he gives you a good home and is kind to you, you'll get on all right. Just don't make a fuss about it," she said kindly, drawing her arm tighter round the slim shoulders.

"But I hate Mr. Belcher," Katherine whispered with a shudder.

"And I don't like him," Susan said, as if the words were dragged from her. "Never did. I expect he's a hard man; but," she went on doggedly, "men are hard—that's what women have to find out, and the wisest just says nothing and makes the best of them. You take my advice, Miss Katherine, and submit. You'll feel better when you're settled down in a home of your own."

"I like this home."

"This isn't going to be one for any of us much longer. The lease is up, the master's getting older, and I believe he wants to make a change in his life; and me—I'm going home to Bridgwater, and they're going to put Martyr into the river before we go. It's all set out by fate"—Katherine raised her head with a jerk, remembering the story-book—"and you'll have to submit."

In six weeks' time she was married to Mr. Belcher.

(To be continued.)

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Nine hundred years is a respectable antiquity for an English town and church. Thirteen miles north-west of Birmingham, in South Staffordshire, on the edge of that great coalfield which is called "the Black Country," and in which the Bilston and Tipton, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, and West Bromwich are grimy seats of iron, brass, and tin manufacturing industry, stands a town of higher dignity, a more important centre of trade. Its site is also pleasanter and more salubrious, on a dry sandstone ridge 300 ft. above the sea-level, with a fine agricultural district adjacent, and with views over the Severn to the Clees and the hills about Wenlock, or even so far as the Wrekin of Shropshire. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicles tell us of a Mercian young lady named Wulfruna, or Wulfrun, sister of the future King Ethelred II., being in her girlhood, in 943, captured at Tamworth by the Danes. She was released, and married Ælfhelm, Alderman or Earl of Northampton, and afterwards of the provinces north of the Humber. In 994, she gave thirty hides of land, or 3600 acres, in South Staffordshire and Warwickshire, to endow a Collegiate Church, and for other religious uses. To this donation is due the original foundation of St. Peter's, Wolverhampton, and the name of that town, properly "Wulfrun-hampton," still bears witness to the good deeds of the noble Saxon matron. The existing church, no longer a collegiate establishment but a parish rectory church, is a building of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the last week of June this year, it was the scene of an interesting commemorative festival, in which the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop Barry, and the Bishop of Wakefield took part on successive days. The Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Lieutenant of the county, presided at a public luncheon in the Church Institute. There were concerts of music, exhibitions of historical tableaux, and treats for school-children. The revenues from the Lady Wulfrun's endowment, which in 1846 amounted to £4000 yearly, have been so distributed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as to benefit twenty-seven different parishes. It is now resolved to create a new parish in the crowded and growing town of Wolverhampton, which that lady would certainly approve if she were alive to-day.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH CHANCEL.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The English Church Union had a meeting to discuss the New Criticism in the Westminster Palace Hotel. A large number of laymen were present, and also many ladies. The proceedings lasted for nearly three hours, and were of a somewhat lively character, severe references being made to Mr. Gore. One speaker said, "What are the clergy going to do? Are they going to vote for the Catholic faith or for Gore—as Father Ignatius called him, Infidel Gore?" This was received with loud cheering and cries of "Shame! Order!" &c. In the end, therefore, an amendment was adopted representing the views of the president and the council, and declining to condemn Mr. Gore and his associates. It is said that a poll of the whole body of the Union is to be demanded.

The Rev. R. P. Daniell-Bainbridge has been appointed Vicar of St. Agnes, Kennington Park, in succession to the Rev. T. B. Dover. Mr. Bainbridge has worked with Canon Furze and Mr. Stuckey Coles, and will doubtless follow Mr. Dover's lines.

Progress is being made with the Church House. The great hall will probably be completed in the early part of 1895. The Council appeal for £15,000, so that the work may not be stopped for the lack of means. There are 15,000 volumes in the library, among them an almost unique set of records of the Church in the Colonies and



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WOLVERHAMPTON.

America. The Bishop of Brisbane expressed his regret that larger buildings had not been contemplated. He said that great enthusiasm was shown for the scheme in the Colonies, much more so than at home.

The minimum stipend of a bishop for Bristol has now been secured, and an appointment may shortly be expected. It will not be easy to find a man able to meet the peculiar requirements of the new position.

The death of Bishop Green, of Riverina, is announced. He was appointed to his see in 1884, and proved himself a most devoted and self-sacrificing bishop. He leaves a widow, daughter of Professor Heurtley, of Oxford, and six children.

Miss Frances E. Willard has been greeted on her return to America by the Ohio Wesleyan University with a degree of Doctor of Laws.

The Bishop of Salisbury, in his recent charge, referred to the increase in suicides. He pointed out that the rate in France was three times that of England, but that in England the proportion tends to grow. Bishop Wordsworth gave as causes which conduced to suicide the instinct of imitation, particularly in the form of the desire for notoriety, and the unwillingness to bear pain or disappointment which is a feature of our modern civilisation. This cowardly weakness, he said, was often accompanied by an undeveloped scepticism. He advised as remedies great care on the part of newspapers. "The journalist who heads a sensational paragraph 'Romantic Suicide' is not far off being an accomplice to self-murder." He thought also that the clergy should be watchful of cases where there was depression of spirits caused by trouble and disgrace.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution," has been addressing a meeting of the clergy on "Religion and Altruism." Mr. Kidd accepted the definition of religion given by Newman in his "Apologia." Its essence, he said, was dogma and its sanctions were all ultra-rational. As to the question who is to lead the Democracy, Mr. Kidd saw two possible rival claimants—first, the Protestant religion, identified with Dissent, and finding a certain proportion of adherence in the Established Church; secondly, the High Church or Catholic party of the Church of England. His view was that there must be two elements in the religious body which is going to guide democracy—pre-Reformation dogma, and the Reformation spirit by which it may be rationalised, and brought in touch with human interests.

Great regret is expressed at the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, the wife of the Bishop of Salisbury. There had been no hope for a year, and the announcement came with a great shock, not least to herself. But as the months went by "all that was beautiful and spiritual and chastened in her nature grew and deepened, while the wonderful cheerfulness and playfulness never forsook her till the very end."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN NORTH WALES.

From Tuesday, July 10, to Thursday, July 12, the Prince and Princess of Wales, upon the occasion of the Welsh National "Eisteddfod" or Congress, for the encouragement of literary, antiquarian, and musical studies peculiar to the ancient Celtic race of West Britain, have been sojourners on the romantic northern seacoast of the Principality, visiting its famous historic castles, associated with the earliest political connection between England and Wales, and the Menai Strait, with its memories of far greater antiquity and with majestic mountain scenery.

At Carnarvon, six centuries ago, Edward, the first Prince of Wales, eldest son of Edward I., King of England, was born; not in the present castle, indeed, the building of which was only begun in 1284, but during the visit of King Edward and Queen Eleanor to that place, when the King received feudal homage from the Welsh princes and chieftains. "Caer yn Arvon," or "Caer Seiont,"

were its names, derived from "Arvon," which was the tract of mainland fronting Anglesey, and from "Seiont," the small river near the entrance to the Menai Strait. There had once stood the Roman fortified city of Segontium, founded by Suetonius Paulinus in the first century of the Christian era; some of its ruins still remain. The building of Carnarvon Castle occupied nearly thirty years. It forms an irregular oblong, surrounded by high walls, with

south-west tower is now the town museum; the state apartments, with traceried windows overlooking the river, are on the west side; the conspicuous Eagle Tower, built in 1317 by King Edward II., is at the extreme west; it is distinguished by three slender turrets, and by carved figures of eagles on the battlements; in the massive walls are galleries, with loopholes for crossbow-men. The Dungeon Tower, the Black Tower, and the

beautiful little oratory, or chapel for prayer. Conway was sometimes the residence of the Plantagenet kings and was garrisoned, for and against Charles I., in the Civil Wars. The river was noted for pearls in the Roman times, and still produces oysters. The Suspension Bridge and the railway Tubular Bridge here may be compared with those of greater magnitude near Bangor, over the Menai Strait.

The inland districts of Carnarvonshire and Merioneth-

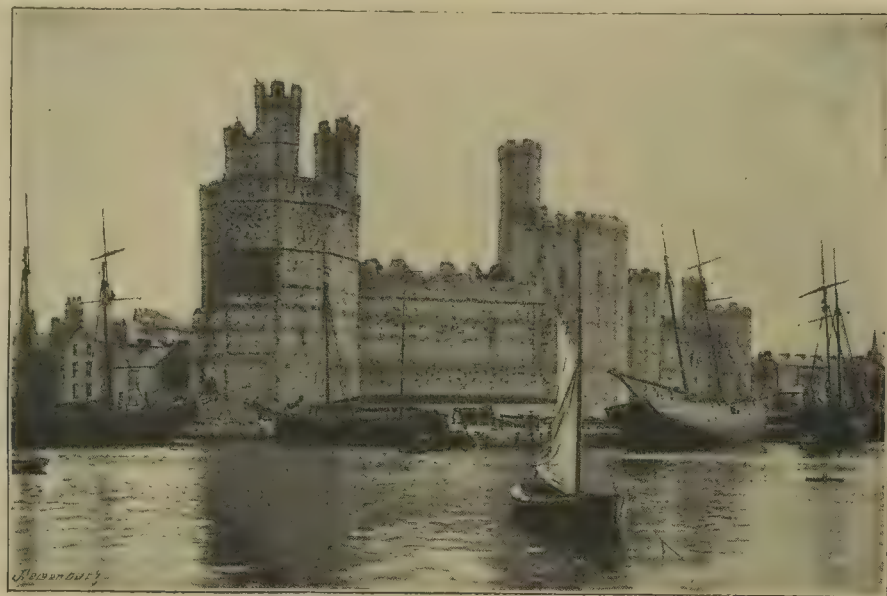
respectively, or Owen Glendower in the fifteenth century, would have left successors capable of making Wales happier than it is now; and Welsh patriotism may always exult in the victory of Henry VII. at Bosworth. Conway Castle was built at the same time, and probably by the same architect, Henry de Elreton, as those of Carnarvon, Beaumaris, and Harlech. One of its broken towers, on a rock, overhangs the railway cutting instead of the "foaming flood" mentioned in Gray's poem. The plan of this castle is a parallelogram, including two courts, with eight drum towers, each of 40 ft. diameter, connected by walls, and with bartizans at the east and west ends. The inner hall, now roofless, is 130 ft. long; but seems to have been partitioned by tapestry into three large chambers, with separate fireplaces; it is lighted by nine windows on the east side. Under the King's Tower is a vault, possibly used for a prison; the Queen's Tower contains a



CARNARVON CASTLE, FROM THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER SEIONT.



CARNARVON CASTLE.



THE EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE.

thirteen polygonal towers surmounted by light turrets, situated on the north-west side of the town. Its chief entrance is approached by a flight of steps and a bridge, over what was the moat. Above the gate, with a tower on each hand, is the canopied statue of Edward I., to whom nobody now says, like Gray's Bard, "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! Confusion on thy banners wait!" The interior was formerly divided into two quadrangles. The

Well Tower and the Queen's Gateway will also be observed.

It was at Conway, however, that the vengeful Bard denounced a dreadful doom on the Plantagenets, which does not seem to have descended through the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Hanoverians to his Royal Highness Albert Edward in 1894. We doubt whether "high-born Hoel" and "soft Llewellyn," with their harp and lay

shire form a delightful little world of romantic scenery, with place-names having the wild exotic flavour of a primitive language foreign to English ears—which is one of the pleasures of travelling—and with the rural hamlets, the grand woodland parks, the comfortable hotels, and the convenient railways, a tourist of utilitarian tastes may inspect also mighty engineering works, vast slate-quarries, and other achievements of industrial skill.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND THE TUBULAR BRIDGE AT CONWAY.



CONWAY CASTLE.



MORNING TOILET IN THE HAREM.

AN EXHIBITION OF BIBLE LANDS.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that so few of our artists have paid attention to the claims of the Holy Land as a subject for the "one man" exhibitions which have now for some years been so popular with the public. For it is admitted that *subject* in these shows has almost as much to do with success as has the status and capability of the producer. Yet, although this is so, unless our memory fails us, we believe that Mr. Henry A. Harper is

The only son of his mother, herself an invalid, much of his early occupation lay for many years in reading passages of Holy Writ at her bedside, and his youthful mind was filled with awe-inspired visions of the terrors and sublimity of the Holy Mount of Sinai, and a determination at some time or other of his life to visit it. His father was a friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, and the boy was allowed to wander and play in the large garden in St. John's Wood Road whereon that renowned painter ultimately built the house which is now tenanted by Mr. Davis, R.A. It was here

the gallery in Park Lane during the whole of a London season.

But Mr. Harper's connection with Lord Dudley was not his only or his greatest piece of good fortune. For while passing Port Said, before his tour to Sinai, he chanced to sit at table d'hôte next to a noble lady, herself bound on a sketching tour to the Holy Land. Commissions at Jerusalem and Constantinople for Lord Dudley prevented his accepting a very generous offer to join the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden in this expedition, and the matter apparently ended there. But several years later the acquaintance was renewed, with the result that Mr. Harper has for a long while past been engaged upon a commission to execute for her Ladyship a series of drawings which may in time be used to illustrate the Bible in a more complete form than has hitherto been done. It is this work which forms the greater part of the very interesting show which is now open at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street.

It comes naturally to ask a man who has visited so many times the length and breadth of the Land of Promise what is his opinion upon its present condition. Mr. Harper's is a very decided one. He can point to no country which is advancing by such leaps and bounds as Palestine. Even in his time vast tracts have passed from a state of desert to that of waving corn land. Railways will soon percolate everywhere and make progress even more rapid in a country upon which the rulers of all the European Empires have a watchful eye. While Russia is engaged in planting convents, all built to dominate the roads and to serve as fortresses in case of need, France has been constructing a strategical railway, which will probably never



JERUSALEM.

The point of view is halfway up the Mount of Olives, from the traditional spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem. On Mount Moriah stands "The Dome of the Rock" covering the site of Solomon's Temple. On the left hand is the south-east angle of the wall where the Palestine Exploration Fund made their famous discoveries; above the wall there the mosque of El Aska, once the first Christian Church in Jerusalem. On the extreme right is the Golden Gate, walled up, for the Moslems hold the tradition that through that gate the Christians will retake Jerusalem; round the gate lie Moslem dead, for another tradition is that Mohammed will there stand to judge the world. The Valley of Jehoshaphat crosses the picture.

the only living artist who has undertaken in anything like a comprehensive way the delineation of a land which has an engrossing fascination for many and an exceptional interest for all.

One or other of the following reasons is probably accountable for this omission. In the first place, the most notable scenes lie at long distances apart, which are not easily traversed, and which entail both time and expense to cover. Then hotels are infrequent, and tent-life is necessary and costly. The climate, too, is one of frequent alternation, and is treacherous and trying. Even Mr. Harper, taking every precaution and practically acclimated, has been down again and again with fever and other ills. Lastly, in many places, work can only be carried on under conditions which a stay-at-home artist is but little accustomed to—danger to life, for instance, in fanatical centres such as Hebron and Shechem, and to both life and property in the Bedawin-swept plains of Moab and the further side of the Jordan. But a spice of this is for English constitutions often a relief to the monotony of

that he became infected with the desire to become an artist, a desire which was fostered by Sir Edwin presenting him with a colour-box and materials. Work in studios and at the Langham Sketching Club occupied the time until he had attained to proficiency sufficient to enable him to fulfil his desire, not to paint Sinai itself, but a mountain in Scotland, which, he gathered from the pages of Hugh Miller, had the same geological characteristics as that far-away hill. To Buchael Etive, then, in the neighbourhood of Glencoe, he found his way, and every morning at sunrise he was at work making an elaborate drawing of the fastnesses of this "Shepherd's Mount." It so happened, however, that his presence at the spot which he had selected was not altogether to the liking of the keeper of the "great earl," for it was situated in the heart of the deer forest of Lord Dudley, and it was not long before he received a summons to wait upon his Lordship. Space will not permit a record of the kindnesses which the unknown artist received at his hands, and which, beginning in the purchase of two drawings for a



BIRS NIMRÚD, BABYLON.

Benjamin of Tudela in the twelfth century regarded it with reverence as part of the Tower of Babel. Other authors consider it the great Temple of Belus, described by Herodotus. Now considered to be the famous Temple Borsip, rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar 600 B.C. from a far older structure, as he explains in his inscription.

pay, from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and England is busy upon one from the coast to Damascus. These, whatever else they may accomplish, will open up the land to the hurry-scurry artist, but they may destroy it for him who seeks to make his work not a mere photographic representation, but a reflection of the old-world life which is to-day almost the same as it was when the great events happened which have given it an enduring fame.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Four (from January 6 to June 30, 1894) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

Now publishing, our Summer Number for 1894, containing Stories by Bret Harte, Miss Braddon, I. Zangwill, Lady Lindsay, and Margaret L. Woods; a One-Act Play by Max Pemberton; Two Splendid Coloured Pictures; and Numerous Illustrations by Fred Barnard, R. Caton Woodville, Bernard Partridge, A. Forestier, A. Birkenruth, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and others. Price One Shilling.



THE HANGING GARDENS AND RUINS OF PALACE, BABYLON.

The Palace is called Kasr. Arabs call it Mujelibé, or "the overturned." The area of ruins is about eight miles. There are three great masses of buildings. The gardens were made by Nebuchadnezzar for his Queen Amylis.

staining paper, and so Mr. Harper has found it: when combined with an open-air life, regular hours and habits, and simple food, it may usually be confidently relied on to induce a frame of mind and body conducive to the production of first-rate work.

Mr. Harper has become a painter of Eastern scenes in general and of Bible lands in particular by a combination of circumstances which might almost be termed romantic.

handsome sum, culminated in a journey to Egypt in his train, a stay of many months there as his guest at a time when the Earl was receiving unbounded hospitality at the hands of the Khedive, his departure upon his long-cherished journey to Sinai with a pocket full of his benefactor's money, and finally a show of his work at Dudley House, when the Old Masters were covered up and Mr. Harper's drawings occupied the places of honour in

SONGS OF SPORT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a sportive and tuneful country, such as England used to be, many poets have tried to rhyme of their favourite amusement. Turning over the leaves of Mr. Norman Gale's "Cricket Songs," not with complete approval, I have reflected on the nature of verse about sport. Mr. Gale's heart is entirely in the right place, and every reader of modern verse knows his skill on the rustic pipe, as of a Theocritean swain in flannels. But to my thinking, in rhyming of cricket, he affects a roughness which is uncongenial to his natural manner, and employs too copiously a slang which alters with every few years and is not part of the necessary and legitimate vocabulary of the game. In any case, it is plain that cricket, played in a confined space, has few or none of the poetical associations of angling, the

contented days of Aylward and old Nyren, and of rural mirth, that we find much of poetry in the sport. As to golf, much the same laws apply. We have two considerable heroic poems: one, in Pope's manner, of about 1745; another of 1859 or thereabouts. We have humorous songs in Scots, such as Mr. Ramsay's lay of the dejected grocer, with his lament for a too enthusiastic golfing partner. We have great abundance of doggerel, and we have the Chambers-Alexander sequence of sonnets on the Holes at St. Andrews. Something historical ought to be done, on Queen Mary at golf, on John Knox missing a short putt, on precious Sammy Rutherford stinied by savoury Mr. Blair, and we do possess the Rhyme of the Devil's Round, by an accomplished St. Andrews hand. But the natural poetry of golf, the solemn sea, the broken spires, the dismantled Bass, the associations of a turf

Angling, of course, is a very different story. Denny, Walton, Gay, Thomson, Browne, a thousand others, down to Scott and Wordsworth, have all written of angling poetry, as also Theocritus and Oppian. Tennyson has commemorated the lusty trout and grayling, but the languid boy of the "Miller's Daughter" did not cast over a rising fish, but watched for that rural fair at her box of mignonette. Stoddart has given us a desirable song of the salmon, and there be all the North-country Garlands. An angler can scarcely escape taking poetry in "through the pores" among the marsh marigolds of such sledged brooks as are Thames tributaries, or by the rushing Garry, or on a lonely loch where crumbles the island keep of Young Lochinvar. You there find Nature at her best and least disturbed, and when fish do not rise, all the burns tell the story of their decaying towers, and Yarrow



HENLEY REGATTA: THE COURSE FROM THE BRIDGE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

chivalry of hunting, or even of the contemplative charm of golf. Cricket poetry may be historical; a ballad of a great match, well written and spirited, is quite conceivable. We might have a lay of Cobden's year, and of the daunted three—the three last Oxford wickets. Again, we may commemorate great players, as Prowse did in the "Rhyme of Alfred Mynn." We may embody some truth in a ballade, like that recent one on "the man who snicketh a length ball." Regret, too, may make her musical moan, as in the "Ballad of the Old Cricketer," a very humorous piece, quoted in the Badminton book, and written, I think, by a Merton man, who died young. Mr. Christian, in his "At the Sign of the Wicket," descants on the poetry of the game, and illustrates the art of parody and the mock heroic applied to cricket. All these possibilities do not carry us very far, even if this inefficient hand has followed Villon (at an incalculable distance) with a "Ballade of Dead Cricketers," "beneath the daisies, there they lie." It is only in looking back to old Hambledon days,

trodden by Claverhouse and Montrose, the song of mounting larks, what are those things to the inland English enthusiast, with his little weary book for recording his very numerous strokes? Our bunkers are historical: here James Melville came to grief, here Strath has often laboured, here Walkinshaw has bequeathed a name to resound for ages, and the Principal's Nose may have been so called from its resemblance to a feature of Andrew Melville or of Laurence of Lindores. "Here is richness," but no good player thinks of these things, they only bemuddle the attention of a fozzling fogey. I would that I could write an ode on a coin of Charles II. knocked up with a "divot" by a friend of my own, in making his approach to the Heathery Hole. Why, Mr. Blair may have dropped it, or that luckless Probationer to whom the Devil gave a manuscript sermon, or a caddie may have lost it as he carried clubs for the Duke of York. Golf hath more poetry in its nature than cricket, but the poetry is yet unexpressed, and, to be honest, golfers do not care for it much.

murmurs of the ill-fated Willie, and you flog the stream where the lover's blood ran red in the Douglas tragedy. As to hunting, it is a poetry of itself and has almost all the glories of war, with, as Mr. Jorrocks says, a small percentage of its danger. From days when "all the jolly chase was here," and Fitzjames followed the stag alone, the stag at eve that drank its fill, to these days of barbed wire, hunting has yielded poetry enough, and, while there are wild countries, must yield poetry. But non-rural pastimes, like cricket, are of their very character unfit for the Muse. Football has but one poem of the last old-fashioned match, and the latest day when the flag of Bellenden summoned the Forest. I defy the art of man to make poetry on a game at Leeds or Bradford. Curling has provoked many songs; even Burns has lent a hand: but curling is an esoteric affair, and only dear to a select crew of roaring rotaries. Charles d'Orleans tried his hand at a poem of tennis, but it is not among his masterpieces. As for lawn-tennis—but surely no bard will waste rhymes on that decadent amusement of the lawn!



LADIES' MEETING OF THE TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK, JULY 11.

THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

Since the return of that great expedition which, under the command of Sir George Nares, declared the "Pole impracticable—no land to northward" (so ran the cable), and disappointed a nation set on achievement, there has been a period during which England has not explored the Arctic. Probably the great cost of the Nares Expedition, and, from the sensational point of view, its comparative failure, had wearied us, and I think it is possible that we may have seen the last of the great expeditions which are fitted out by Government, placed under naval control and paid for with the public money. England, however, is itself the product of private enterprise. She has achieved no great thing in her history without the way being shown by private persons. Gladly, therefore, do I now welcome this English expedition, which is fitted out by an Englishman whose heart is in Arctic exploration, and led by an Englishman who is a traveller of standing, but entirely

That letter holds the key to Mr. Harmsworth's ambition. Sound geographical work and complete scientific records—that is the aim. In the achievement of these it is necessary that there must also come those perils and adventures of which the world has never yet tired of hearing. Mr. Jackson's commission is to bring back the one, and I have no doubt that it will be his lot to encounter the other.

I first met Mr. Jackson some seven or eight years ago, when he was shooting in the swamps of the Gulf coast of Florida. I was then greatly impressed with his remarkable energy and activity. Whatever he does is done with an extraordinary swiftness and precision. Then, again, there is his determination. His mind, once made up, is not easily moved. Vacillation, which has wrecked many enterprises, should scarcely be reckoned for in this. I know Mr. Jackson most intimately, and I say with perfect frankness that he is, of all men I know, the one most qualified to push on against apparently overwhelming obstacles, and to make light of discomforts of the most persistent type. Physically, too, he is the right man. Six feet in height, his frame is well knit but sinewy rather than stout. He has little unnecessary flesh, nor is he heavily built. Little does he know by experience what ill-health is. The result is superabundant vigour, buoyancy of spirits, and irrepressible hopefulness. Last year he sledged a distance of four thousand miles through the cheerless Tundra country, which abuts on the Kara and Barents seas. Mr. Jackson is thirty-four years of age, and was educated at an English public school and at Edinburgh University.

In the general equipment of the expedition I have, necessarily, had much to do; but particularly have I been impressed with the magnitude of fitting out such an expedition as this with breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. The land party—i.e., the party which is to be landed on the southern shores of Franz Josef Land for the exploration of that country and the unknown Polar area lying north of it—only consists, at the present time, of seven men; yet these seven men, I have calculated, will consume no less than 17,619 lb. of meat during their absence from England. This single word "meat" may be split up into many fragments, of which the more considerable are beef, mutton—roast, boiled, steaks, and chops—sheep's tongues, Cambridge sausages, roast veal, tripe and onions, concentrated meat juice, essence of beef, beef-tea, &c. Of vegetables, the single item of dried potatoes runs into 2520 lb.—well over a ton; and of compressed cabbage, carrots, turnips, and celery the greater part of a ton. Of concentrated forms of meat-soup we are taking over 600 lb.; and of the amount of concentration some idea may be gained when I say that in several cases we have squeezed 4 lb. of solid English beef into a portable though mysterious-looking article only 2 oz. in weight. Of coffee and tea we also have compressed forms, little cakes which are not bigger than buttons, but will brew a large pot for the whole party. Breakfast will, I fancy, form a very square meal with the expedition, and with a special view to this

we have selected 1000 lb. of "fresh herrings," a similar quantity of "Findon haddocks," and 500 lb. of most delectable "sardines with tomatoes," not to mention tongues, sausages, bacon, and 1000 lb. of excellent ham. All these things, of course, are tinned and air-proof. But for big weights we must turn to the biscuits and flour department. There have been ordered for the land party

alone four-and-a-half tons of the best cabin biscuits we could procure, and a similar weight of flour. For the dogs, of which there will be thirty, we have five tons of cod-liver-oil biscuits, and two tons of meat fibrine dog-cakes. We are only victualling the four Russian ponies



Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

MR. JACKSON, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION.

independent of any controlling authority. Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth has been led to spend a very large sum of money upon this expedition by his own special interest in Arctic exploration and his enthusiastic patriotism. He keenly desires to see England reassume her rightful place in leading the way to Polar discovery; and if the expedition which he is now fitting out can bring us back a new harvest of geographical knowledge—new lands, new seas, and new facts in science—he will, I know, be well satisfied. But I will let him describe in his own words his motives in sending out Mr. Jackson and his party by printing, with his permission, a letter he has written me—

12, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W.

My dear Montefiore,—To write "a few words" on a subject one has at heart very deeply is not easy; but I will be as brief as possible in my explanation of the reasons I had in mind when I decided on fitting out the present Polar expedition.

From the time when as a youngster I read the story of Franklin, I have always been fascinated by the great mystery of the North. Julius von Payer's book and the concluding chapter of Admiral Markham's "Sir John Franklin" decided me to contribute to the best of my ability to the exploration of Franz Josef Land, in itself a field for a vast amount of scientific work, and, in the opinion of many of the most distinguished Arctic men, the best road to the North Pole. Having, owing to the efforts of yourself, been made aware of Mr. Jackson's wonderful energy and his recent work in the Arctic, I offered him the leadership of the expedition, and secured an ally in whom I placed the utmost confidence.

As to Mr. Jackson's chances of reaching the Pole, I shall say nothing. For my own part, I shall be entirely satisfied if he and his companions add to our knowledge of the geography and the fauna and flora of Franz Josef Land and the area lying immediately north of it. With "beating the record" North I have very little sympathy. If Mr. Jackson plants the Union Flag nearer the Pole than the Stars and Stripes (who head us by four miles only) I shall be glad, but if he came back, having found the Pole but minus the work of the scientists, of which our expedition consists, I should regard the venture as a failure.

I have emphasised this point particularly. Our venture is not a North-Pole but a Polar expedition, a distinction with a vast difference. The advice and assistance given us by such authorities as the President of the Royal Geographical Society, the Council of the Meteorological Office, the Committee and Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, Cap'n Creak, R.N., of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, Mr. B. Leigh Smith, Sir Leopold McClintock, Admiral Markham, Sir Allen Young, Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., Mr. J. Coles, F.R.A.S., of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. W. Harkness, F.C.S., of Somerset House, Sir George Thomas, Bart., and Dr. W. H. Neale, and the interest evoked throughout the world have been very gratifying to all the brave fellows who have elected to be left on Franz Josef Land for two—perhaps for four or five—years.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

MR. A. C. HARMSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF THE EXPEDITION, DONOR OF ITS FUNDS.

for two years, anticipating that probably before the expiration of that time they will have fallen victims to the craving for fresh animal food which besets Arctic travellers. But of a special mixture of oats, beans, bran and peas, we have five tons, and of heavily compressed hay, twelve tons.

There are many items of food which amount in the aggregate to large quantities. For example, there is that item of jams. It amounts to about 12 cwt. in all, and of this, honey takes about 4 cwt. Even of so small and light an article as "mixed spices" we have ordered more than 150 lb., while of the hundred and one things which you would never think of, but "must be taken" in all sorts of quantities, it would be impossible in this article to give any real idea. Mr. Jackson, I may say in passing, has decided to take brandy and whisky in only small quantities, but he intends to serve out, as occasion requires, modest "whacks" of excellent port. Half a pipe has been taken for this purpose.

The above items of food are only for the land party. For the crew of the steam-ship *Windward*, which will take them to Franz Josef Land and, I hope, return this autumn with the view of going up again two years hence, a great quantity of food has to be taken, of which the meat item alone amounts to 12,000 lb., and the bread to 13,000 lb. The reason for this is that we have to provide for the chance of the ice closing up and the crew being compelled to winter on Franz Josef Land or somewhere south of it, locked in the floes.

The clothing is a matter which has caused great anxiety, but I believe the best has been chosen. As I have already pointed out, for ordinary winter wear Mr. Jackson is taking Samoyad fur-clothing. This consists of what I might call a heavy overcoat, an extra-heavy overcoat, and long boots. The overcoat No. 1 is a tunic made of brown reindeer-skin, with the skin inside. It is put on



Photo by G. and W. Morgan, Aberdeen.

THE WHALING STEAM-SHIP "WINDWARD," TO CONVEY THE EXPEDITION TO FRANZ JOSEF LAND.

over the head, like a smock-frock, and drawn close round the neck. It reaches to the knees, but when girt with a belt and the part above the belt is pulled up and out a little, it is much shorter, and forms an extremely handy garment for active exercise. This fur tunic is closed all round, of course, and for further retaining the heat of the body the mitts are sewn on with sinew to the sleeves, while on the inside of the wrist a small slit is made to enable the wearer to shake his hand out when he desires to do anything with it bared. This tunic is called a "Militza." The extra-heavy overcoat, the "Siluke," is generally made of beautiful white reindeer-skin, is not girt up with a belt, and is only worn when snow is driving furiously or the temperature is excessively low. The long boots of the Samoyads are called "Pimmies," and are very well made of long strips of reindeer-skin stoutly sewn together with sinew—the thread of the Samoyads. But in addition to these there are reindeer-skin sleeping-bags, and a number of what I might call reindeer-skin blankets—large squares of skin to be wrapped round the person, and arranged to be drawn together at head and foot. Then there is an item of twenty-four deer-skin stockings, twelve pairs of deer-skin boots and trousers in one, twenty pairs of Finn boots, sixteen pairs of elk-skin boots, and so on. I think we have about ninety pairs of fur and leather boots for this omnivorous land party;



HOUSES OF WOOD, CANVAS, AND FELT, TO BE ERECTED ON FRANZ JOSEF LAND.

It would be impossible to go through the whole catalogue of outfit, but I must touch on the houses and shelter which will form the little British colony on Franz Josef Land this winter. In the first place there will be a Russian log-house, to be taken on board at Archangel; three octagonal inter-communicating houses, built with three-fold walls of wood, canvas, and felt. These houses are well lighted, and ventilated by a simple but ingenious contrivance which admits the air from below the floor and takes it through the stove before it escapes, well warmed, into the room. Besides these four houses or rooms, there will be, also communicating with them, the store-rooms and the observatory; and beyond these, again, the ponies' stable and the dogs' kennel.

As to scientific equipment, much might be written, but I think it will suffice if I say here that a complete set, largely in duplicate, of astronomical instruments has been carefully selected for us by Mr. John Coles, the Curator to the Royal Geographical Society; a number of meteorological instruments have been lent us by the Meteorological Office; valuable and delicate instruments for magnetic observations we have been loaned by the authorities at Kew; and special directions drawn up by Captain Creak, R.N., of the Hydrographic Department; apparatus for botanical collections specially devised and planned by Professor G. S. Boulger; hygienic directions have been given us by Dr. W. H. Neale, medical officer to the *Eira* party, which wintered in Franz Josef Land; geological and zoological arrangements specially made for us by experts. Chemical, photographic, and other work has also been taken in hand by scientific men. Of sounding machines, dredging apparatus, &c., we have a complete outfit.

The screw steamer *Windward* has been long and favourably known to the whaling world. She was built, in fact, as a whaler for ice navigation. Consequently, she is the ship we want. Of immense strength, she is double-skinned throughout, and in the places where she is most likely to receive pressure from the ice she is built of four solid skins of hard seasoned wood, one above the other, and, right forward, heavily armoured with iron in addition. She is fitted with engines, like all whaling steamers, of auxiliary power. Consequently, she is heavily rigged—barque rigged—and carries a considerable spread of sail. At the truck of her mainmast she carries the familiar "crow's nest," whence many a blowing whale has been spied. The length of the *Windward* is 118½ ft.; beam 28 9-10 ft.; depth, 16½ ft. Her gross tonnage is 321, while her net registered tonnage is 245. She has about 700 cubic metres' space for stores, after deducting the cabin and fore-castle accommodation.

Of the heavy but altogether admirable whaling boats we have no fewer than six. I look upon them as the mainstay of the expedition when the ship has left the explorers

in Franz Josef Land. Then we have an aluminium boat, made in sections with deep collapsible canvas gunwales; a copper boat, similarly made; four very light Norwegian fishing-boats, for dragging over the ice; and a very tough birch-bark canoe for occasional fishing or shooting in open water off the southern coast and elsewhere. The whaling boats range from 20 ft. to 25 ft. in length; the Norwegian boats from 12 ft. to 16 ft. Any one of the boats, except the whaling boats, can be carried on one sledge.

The land exploring party, when it is complete, will consist of seven men. Mr. Jackson is, of course, the leader, and the nautical astronomer of the expedition is Mr. Albert Armitage. A second officer in the Peninsular and Oriental Service and lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, he is a skilled observer, and of very powerful physique. Our thanks are due to the Peninsular and Oriental Service for their having made an exception in our favour and given Mr. Armitage leave of absence without loss of seniority for service with the expedition.

I look forward to Mr. Armitage bringing back most valuable results. The medical officer of the expedition is Mr. Reginald Kettlitz, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., a gentleman of fine physique, with high qualifications for the post. The botanist of the expedition is Mr. H. Fisher, the Botanical Curator to the Museum, University College, Nottingham. His experience has been of a wide and very special character, and we expect to receive some



Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

CLOTHING: "SILUKE" EXTRA-HEAVY OVERCOAT OF WHITE REINDEER-SKIN.

but then, of course, we are providing for four years' wear of the roughest kind.

In addition to furs there are strong tunics of the best woollen tweed, special gaberdine overalls for wet weather, complete outfits of Jaeger underclothing, leather jackets, woollen-stockings, and other items. I ought to include in this list of clothing a quantity of the famous Finn grass for putting in the boots—in order to keep the feet warm and lessen the danger of frost-bite, by reducing the moisture which exercise brings out. As to head-gear, close woollen caps will be worn under hoods of fur.

The sledge is the camel of Arctic lands. On his sledge the traveller depends for progress, for food, for—well, everything. It is essential that it should be light; essential, too, that it should be strong. The sledges of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition are both light and strong. The shortest is 9 ft. 6 in.; the longest 13 ft. 6 in. Their width is uniformly 18 in. and height 6 in. The heaviest weighs 23 lb., the lightest 16 lb. A fairly good load for them will be 300 lb., and they will take more on occasion. They are made of hard "usk"—i.e., ash-wood, old and well seasoned. At each end the bow is high, and the side-rails of some are of bamboo. Every sledge is fitted for mast and sails, while the runners are practically the popular "ski," than which nothing yet discovered travels more rapidly over frozen snow. Of "ski" proper, for snow travelling, Mr. Jackson takes twenty-four pairs.



Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

CLOTHING: "MILITZA" FUR TUNIC, WITH "PIMMIES," OR LONG BOOTS.

very useful and important information from him. Mr. J. E. Child is the mineralogist and engineer of the party; he is also an excellent photographer. Through Mr. William Topley, F.R.S., we are obtaining a first-rate geologist; and in Captain Schlosshauer, our sailing master, we have a fine specimen of the best class of sailor. Our ice-master, I should add, is John Crowther, who so successfully navigated the Leigh Smith party to Franz Josef Land.

Sailing from the mouth of the Thames in July, the first port at which the expedition will stop will be Archangel. Here it takes on board the ponies, log-house, and Samoyad furs, which are being prepared under the kind direction of Mr. H. A. Cooke, British Vice-Consul at that port. Here I shall bid the party farewell, returning home through Moscow and St. Petersburg. They will be only two or three days at Archangel, and then sail for Harbarova, the Samoyad settlement at the mouth of the Yugorski Schar, at the entrance to the Kara Sea. Here they take on board the dogs, which will have been waiting for them for some time—Rüving, a Russian, being in charge—then sail northward and westward to Franz Josef Land, hoping to make this country somewhere in the vicinity of Bell Island, where the stores will be landed, the houses set up, and the ship will leave. I sincerely hope that nothing will prevent her returning to England in the late autumn, with cheering reports of the prospects for the land party.—ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

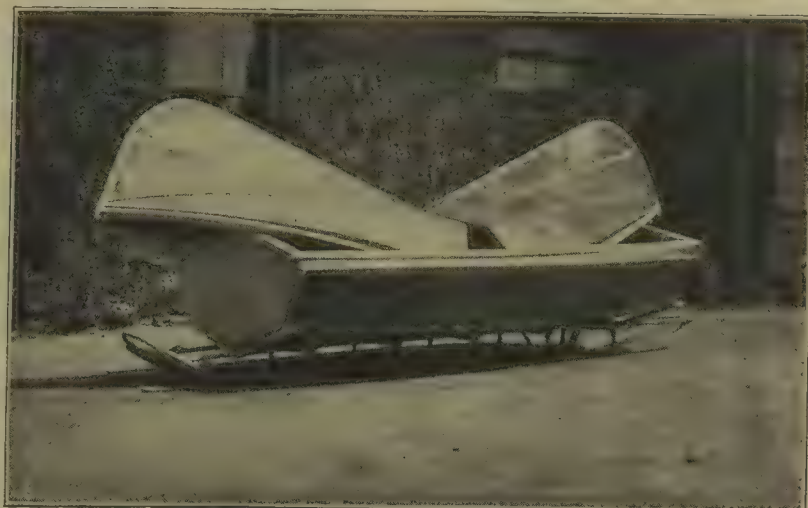


Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

SLEDGE WITH "SKI" RUNNERS, CONTAINING SECTIONS OF BOAT.

THE REEDHAM ORPHANAGE, PURLEY, SURREY.

The summer festival of this institution, at Purley, near Croydon, favoured by the presence of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, was held on Tuesday, July 3. Visitors were entertained with luncheon in the dining-hall; prizes to the school-children were distributed by her Royal Highness; the girls and infants performed musical drill; the boys



THE REEDHAM ORPHANAGE.



A LESSON IN COOKERY.

performed athletic exercises, battalion drill, and a swimming exhibition; there was a band of music on the terrace; and tea and coffee were served at six o'clock.

This is the jubilee year of the charity, which was founded in 1844 by the late Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., as "The New Asylum for Infant Orphans," upon entirely unsectarian principles. It was, in the noble terms of the first resolution of its promoters, "to receive and bless the fatherless infant, without distinction of sex, place, or religious connection; it shall be a rule absolute, beyond the control of any future general meeting, or any act of incorporation, that, while the education of the infant family shall be strictly religious and Scriptural, no denominational catechism whatever shall be introduced, and that no particular forms whatever shall be imposed on any child contrary to the religious convictions of the surviving parent or guardian of such child."

Beginning with five children temporarily "boarded out" at Richmond, the charity next year moved to a "Home," a house at Stamford Hill, and added a "Nursery" at Stoke Newington; received, by and by, older boys and girls, and sent a few of the boys, for a time, to Reigate Grammar School; but was enabled in 1853 to purchase the estate at Purley, where one of the fine Surrey hills looks down upon the old Brighton coach-road and the London and Brighton Railway, about two miles south of Croydon, in the neighbourhood of Addiscombe.

"The Diversions of Purley," a title familiar to lovers of literature from its associations with John Horne Tooke, are renewed here in the happy and healthy young life of juvenile scholars who may not become learned philologists, but who have a fair chance of growing up to be good men and women.

Children are admitted at the age of three months, and up to eleven years of age. Three hundred and twenty of them are now inmates of the stately and commodious

building, which stands, with its chapel, its sanatorium, the surrounding playgrounds and swimming-bath, on that high ground approached by an avenue planted with horn-beams that flourish in the hardy, breezy air. The resident officers of the institution, from Mr. J. Rowland Edwards, the secretary, Mr. Carter, the head master, the matron, and the teachers and nurses, do all that can be done by careful kindness and good management for the welfare, in mind and body, and for the morals and manners, as well as the intellectual culture of their young charges. The studies are carried on

rather above the highest standard for Board schools, besides needlework, dress-making, cookery, and household economy for the girls, and carpentry and other technical handicraft for the boys. It is now proposed to erect a separate building for the infants, and to provide accommodation for fifty more children. The cost of this extension will be £5000, and the building will not be begun till half that amount is subscribed.



THE IRONING-ROOM.

that the would-be traveller could scarce be perplexed by it if he tried. All the many routes to the Riviera, the services to the south-east of Europe, to Italy, to Algiers, to Bosnia, to the Pyrenees, and even to remoter Russia, are set out with a simplicity which is quite unlooked for in a guide-book. The comfort and luxury of the company's sleeping-cars are now traditional, and will be increased by the publication of this capital work, which includes a list of fares to most of the principal towns in Southern Europe, and is likely to prove the text-book of the modern traveller.

The International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company has just published, under the editorship of Mr. Snow, a guide to its system of hotels and trains, which is a veritable encyclopedia of travel. The book, which is admirably written and designed, is arranged on so simple a plan



SUNDAY MORNING IN THE CHURCH.



THE NURSERY PLAY-ROOM.

ART NOTES.

M. Théodore Roussel, a collection of whose works in oils and water colours is now open at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery as a *fin de saison* show, is an interesting personality in the art world. A pure Frenchman by birth and training, a pupil and comrade of Roll and Gervex, he deliberately left his native country some twenty years ago and fixed himself in England, where, as he felt and alleged, individualism in art had greater opportunities of development. With such views, he was naturally attracted towards Whistler, who at that period was exercising considerable influence over a group of young men, many of whom have since attained eminence, while others have only aroused amusement. It was strange, perhaps, that Mr. Whistler, who had in many ways the note of French art if he scoffed at its limitations, should have been sought by the voluntary exile, who wished to be free from the trammels of his early training; but it has been more than once pointed out that Mr. Whistler's pre-eminence as an impressionist is due to his consummate ability as a draughtsman—a quality which he owes to his French apprenticeship. M. Roussel, although a follower of Whistler, is in no way an imitator. He thinks, sees, and paints for himself, and according to his own ideas—now with a broad firm brush, as in the portrait of Mr. P. F. Maitland—a remarkable harmony of greys—and in the even more finished portrait of his own wife (31), full of life and actuality; now with a delicate sense of the play of light and air in his garden at Fulham, or in Kensington Gardens; or in the delicate pastel work into which he introduces a brilliancy of tones which makes one guess the sunlight which envelops the scene. The portrait of Lord Ronald Gower, which is quite the most ambitious of M. Roussel's oil-paintings in this exhibition, leaves one more in doubt, the expression of the face being strained and the flesh colour distinctly forced. It is, however, a very striking bit of work, and would show to advantage in contrast with the many meaningless portraits with which our exhibitions are too frequently overloaded.

Mr. Henry Harper, whose collection of water colours illustrating "Bible Lands" has been duly noticed on a preceding page, is a veteran in both art and travel. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, he first came back from the Holy Land, and by his collection of graphic studies stimulated an interest in the then infant Palestine Exploration Fund. There is no doubt that Mr. Harper owed some of his reputation to the interest aroused by that society, but it is equally true that the society owed to Mr. Harper a good deal of the more popular support it has received, for, on the true Horatian maxim, the public is more stimulated by what it sees than by what it hears. In the twenty years which have elapsed since Mr. Harper last exhibited he has not been idle, as nearly two hundred and fifty drawings, for the most part carefully finished, abundantly testify. The scenes of the artist's labour have been various, but generally attractive, and Mr. Harper illustrates once more the truth of the oft-repeated saying that the painter's method of earning his bread is the only one which can be permanently sunny. The first section of the present series embraces studies on the Nile, from Cairo to Luxor, with halts by the way at all the more important spots—the Pyramids of Gizeh, the Sphinx, Philæ and the Vocal Memnon; passing through a bit of Syria, we are brought to Jerusalem with its ever-stirring surroundings—the Hill of Hinnom, the Mount of Beatitudes, the Mount of Olives; then, taking a wider flight, we come upon other memorable spots, of which even the present aspect is full of interest—Boaz' field at Bethlehem, Jezreel on the plains of Esdraelon, the Lake of Gennesareth, the Gate of Damascus. From these and other scenes of the New Testament history Mr. Harper hurries by the way of the

wilderness to the plains of Euphrates and to Tigris, where Babylon, with its hanging gardens, and Baalbek, with its avenues of columns, recall the fate of empires which at one time seemed invulnerable. The desert of Sinai, with its fine fringe of mountains rising to a height of 5000 ft. above sea-level, affords ample scope for the painter of Biblical history, and Mr. Harper has taken full



BEATRICE, DAUGHTER OF W. CODDINGTON, ESQ., M.P. (MRS. A. D. LENNARD CAYLEY).

From the Picture by T. B. Kennington in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

advantage of his opportunities. Even for those to whom Mr. Harper's method of painting is unsatisfactory, such an exhibition will afford considerable interest, as a note of truthfulness and careful exactitude is impressed upon every picture.

There are very few, if any, of our English Academicians who can more happily or successfully render an English lady than Mr. James Sant, R.A. Our critics across the Channel have abundantly recognised the elegance and distinction of

Mr. Sant's works, and, although they affect to laugh at the regular features and pearly skin of "les Meess Anglaïses," they admit their attractiveness. Last year Mr. Sant was represented at Burlington House by the portrait of a charming girl just fastening her necklace, and giving the finishing touch to her toilette for the ball. "The Mirror," as the picture was entitled, has now been reproduced in pure mezzotint by Mr. Charles J. Tomkins, and is published by the Woodbury Company (Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode). It is an excellent specimen of thoroughly English work, painting, engraving, and printing being all of home growth; and it is probable that in the opinion of collectors it will take high rank among contemporary reproductions of modern works of art.

The nineteenth century promises before it closes to show us a revival of that form of learning which in another branch distinguished the eighteenth century. Dr. Richter having attacked in apparently pure *gaieté de cœur* the genuineness of the "Vierge des Rochers," purchased some years ago for our National Gallery, Sir F. Burton defends the action of the trustees. Not content with reiterating the grounds on which they based their belief in the genuineness of Lord Suffolk's picture, he proceeds to make mincemeat of Dr. Richter's subtle arguments in favour of the Louvre variation of the same subject. Both critics are equally adept in wielding the pen—and if the German has very flimsy materials on which to raise his weighty assumptions and assurances, our fellow-countryman is not behindhand in reducing them to their proper proportions. It is the old story, "Varius ait, Scaurus negat. Utri creditis, Quirites?"

The very handsome invitation card issued by the Corporation of London in connection with the royal ceremony at the Tower Bridge was the work of Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades. They excelled even their high reputation in its artistic production.

The Church in Western Australia does not yet seem to be able to stand alone, and the vacancy in the see of Perth will be filled by the importation of a clergyman from the Mother-country. The new Bishop, the Rev. Charles Owen Leaver Riley, M.A., is well known in Lancashire, having been Vicar of St. Paul's, Preston, since 1885. He no doubt owes his nomination to the episcopate to his own diocesan, the Bishop of Manchester, who, it is understood, was one of the three prelates to whom the choice was delegated by the Colonial Church; but the Bishop-designate has a good record behind him. He is known as a patient, steady worker, with ample powers of organisation and administration, and he possesses, what is most essential to the prosperity of work in the Colonies, a kind, genial, and frank manner, which attracts men towards him. He did very well at Cambridge. He was a scholar of Gonville and Caius College, and he graduated as sixth Senior Optime in 1878. His ministerial appointments have all been in the north of England. He was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon to the curacy of Brierly, where he remained two years, removing in 1880 to Holy Trinity, Bradford. In 1882 he became Curate of Lancaster, and he held during part of his term of office there the Readership of Penny's and Gillison's Hospital. In 1885 he was preferred by the Vicar of Preston to his present position. He has been a most successful parish priest, and he will be much missed in Preston. If it be questioned whether the appointment to a colonial see of a man who has had no colonial experience is altogether a wise step, it should be borne in mind that one of the most successful colonial bishops was Bishop Moorhouse himself, who went straight to the see of Melbourne from a London incumbency. Mr. Riley, there is the best reason to believe, will, in his new appointment, prove essentially the right man in the right place.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Many comments are being made on the absurd attitude of the Cambridge University authorities in refusing to allow women, some of whom pass such brilliant examinations there, to receive the degree. But the full enormity of the case does not seem to be generally understood. It is that these girl students whose names are published have not only gone up to the ordinary degree examinations, but to those for honours. The immense majority of the men who pass through the University, and are called "B.A." afterwards, and "M.A." if they wish to pay for the higher title, do not even attempt these higher examinations for honours; the ordinary B.A. degree examination is a far less difficult test. So there are this year seventy-eight women refused a degree when they have earned the higher honours, while most of the men who will enjoy the use of the title of the degree for the rest of their lives have received it for proving far lower acquirements.

This grudging and unfair policy is not pursued at the London University, where the degrees won by women are allowed to be worn, just as are those due to the other sex. At London, too, the papers are signed with a number alone, so that the examiners do not know if they are judging the papers of a male or female candidate for honours. Moreover, any medals or prizes won in open field by the women are received by them. It is, perhaps, therefore surprising that the London University does not receive the exclusive adhesion of the women students. But the prestige of the older Universities is still the greater, notwithstanding that the newer one has, in fact, often the more difficult examinations. For instance, the M.A. of Cambridge differs from the B.A. only in having paid a certain fee. But the M.A. of London differs from the B.A. of the same University in having passed a stiff fresh examination. Three ladies have just taken the M.A. in the classical section at London under these conditions. One, Miss Rose Hellings, daughter of Mr. Hellings, of Croydon, who has taken the eleventh place on the entire list, being only twenty-one, is one of the youngest ever to matriculate in the degree at London. Another of them, Miss Eleanor Garbutt, is deserving of special interest, since she is a splendid example of a woman gaining scholarship under difficulties. She was an elementary schoolgirl, and afterwards a pupil teacher. While doing the arduous work of a schoolmistress, she studied quite alone for the London Matriculation, and a few years ago took the nineteenth place among the thousand or so candidates of both sexes sitting for that examination. She then gained a small scholarship, to which she owed sufficient leisure to pursue her studies, and has now succeeded in taking her M.A. degree.

Ordinary fiction is so much written by women, and they form so large a majority of the readers of the same class of literature, that the conjoint circular on three-volume novels sent out by the two great libraries of Messrs. Smith and Messrs. Mudie has a special interest for ladies. The libraries have circularised the publishers with a double demand: first, they ask for a reduction of the price of three-volume novels to the libraries; and second, that a cheap edition of any novel, however successful, shall not appear till at least a year after the issue in three-volume form. In the latter demand, certainly, there is much show of reason. Most of the ordinary novels are as mere creatures of the day as the little ephemera that buzz on the lawn on this bright afternoon. Such novels are read chiefly by ladies of independent means in country houses or in solitary homes anywhere—that multitude of women who can visit but little (though getting "good" invitations is their one ambition), who have few home duties, and who would be far happier and better if they had more work to do. It is these women, the gradual introduction of whom into industrial production and wider spheres of noble public effort will probably prove to be the utilisation of as great a hitherto wasted force as the discovery of the true powers of electricity that has been made also in this age. But there they are now, under present conditions wasting life and powers in unwilling stagnation, and they are the great devourers of inferior fiction. Many "unemployed" ladies read a three-volume novel from the library every day.

These readers do not think of discriminating. They take anything that the libraries send. But if there is a book much talked of and well reviewed, they are all anxious to see it at once, and must have it without delay. Thus, the libraries have to lay in a vast stock of all novels that are in the least a success, and it is only natural that they should seek to have a practical monopoly of those works for a year, so that all readers who desire to see the new sensations shall have to go for them to the libraries. This in a measure will compensate libraries for having to buy also the stock of trash that is thrust into the background almost immediately by the new outpourings of the same kind. It is the trash that the publishers assert they will not be able to produce if the price is lowered so much as the libraries are demanding. The changes that Messrs. Mudie and Smith are seeking, in fact, will tend to limit the supply of commonplace fiction, to make it harder for new writers to get their hearing, and to reduce the already small profits of poor authors. But the hard times are affecting all interests, and the book market cannot be expected to escape; so sad though the fact may be for many lady library readers, they are likely to find the supply of new novels diminish.

Every week of the season has increased the popularity of crêpon. It is unfortunate that the same name should be given to a cheap cotton fabric and to a mixture of cotton and wool—always the most unsatisfactory of combinations—as belongs to the wool or silk and wool fabric that has deservedly taken such a hold on popularity. Real crêpon is rather expensive, from three and sixpence a yard upwards, but it is an elegantly draping material, trims well with lace (the most popular and generally useful of trimmings), and will be warm enough to wear well on into the autumn. In the sales that are now going on, my readers who want new frocks of the most stylish kind and yet to have them last, cannot do better than get some thoroughly good crêpon. Black crêpon with white lace, or coloured crêpon with black satin ribbon trimmings, are excellent style.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALBERT WOLFF (Nottingham).—We distinctly point out the solution if Black replies by it takes Kt—namely, 2. Q takes P (ch), K takes R; 3. B to R 2nd, mate. Your suggested solution is no good.

W. PERCY HIND (Seaford).—Thanks; we had certainly overlooked the flaw. P G L F.—Problem duly received, and we have little doubt it will prove attractive, as usual.

A. NEWMAN.—Of course, only the best moves on either side are given in such an analysis.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2616 and 2617 received from Louis C Simonds (Mexico); of No. 2618 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2620 from G. Grier (Hednesford); D. Tutsek Sándor (Kolozsvár); of No. 2621 from F. Glanville, E. E. H., J. Bailey (Newark), A. Church, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2622 received from T. Roberts, W. David (Cardiff), J. Dixon, F. Glanville, Mr. and Mrs. H. Byrnes, W. R. Baillem, E. Lee (Worthing), Myles Taylor, E. B. Poord, O. Pearce (Wootton-under-Edge), W. Wright, G. Joicey, E. C. Weatherley, R. H. Brooks, J. Ross (Whitley), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, F. Waller (Luton), E. E. H., F. Ellis (Brixton), H. S. Brandreth, W. P. Hind, Sorrento, A. Church, J. W. Scott (Newark), L. Desanges (Torquay), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. D. (Camberwell), Shadforth, C. M. A. B. E. Loudon, H. B. Hurford, J. C. Ireland, J. Coad, J. D. Temple (Manchester), Dawn, T. G. (Ware), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Stirlings (Ipswich), Albert Wolff, M. Burke, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), Dane John, G. T. Hughes (Athy), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

ADDITIONAL CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. LAW'S PROBLEM received from W. E. Thompson (Shrewsbury), F. Ellis (Brixton), and Emile Frau (Lyons).

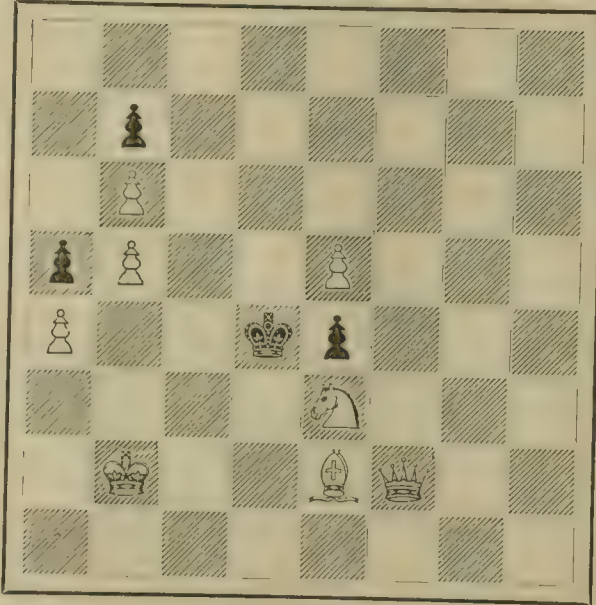
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2621.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. 1. Q to Q Kt 3rd. 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch). 3. Kt to K 2nd, Mate. BLACK. K to B 5th. K takes Q. If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. B to Q 6th; P to K 6th, 3. Q to Q 3rd, mate. If 1. P to K 6th, then 2. Kt to K 2nd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2624.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR. (Scotch Game.)

| | | | |
|---|----------------|--|-----------------------|
| WHITE (Amateur.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) | WHITE (Amateur.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 14. B to K 3rd | B to K 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 15. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to Q 5th |
| 3. P to Q 4th | P takes P | A strong and disagreeable move, which is not easily met. | |
| 4. Kt takes P | Kt to K B 3rd | 16. Kt to Q 2nd | P to K B 4th |
| 5. Kt takes Kt | Kt f takes Kt | 17. B to Kt 2nd | Kt to R 5th |
| 6. B to Q 3rd | P to Q 4th | This is the real turning point of the game, which goes now all in favour of Black. | |
| 7. Q to K 2nd | B to K 2nd | 18. Q takes Q B P | Kt takes B |
| A safe developing move, which fairly meets White's somewhat irregular Q to K 2nd. | | 19. Q takes B (ch) | K to Kt 2nd |
| 8. P to K 5th | Kt to Q 2nd | 20. P takes P | Q takes P (ch) |
| With the object of playing Kt to B 4th presently. But Black's game has now an uncomfortable appearance. | | 21. R to B 2nd | B to K R 5th |
| 9. Castles | Castles | 22. Q to B 6th | Q takes R (ch) |
| 10. P to K B 4th | R to K sq | 23. K to R sq | Q takes Kt |
| 11. Q to R 5th | P to K Kt 3rd | 24. R to Q Kt sq | Q R to Q sq |
| 12. Q to B 3rd | R to Q Kt sq | 25. P to K Kt 3rd | Kt to Q 6th |
| 13. P to Q B 3rd | Kt to B 4th | 26. Q takes P (ch) | R to K 2nd |
| 14. B to B 2nd | | 27. Q to B 4th | Kt to B 7th (ch) |
| The preservation of the Bishop is not so important as developing his game | | 28. K to Kt 2nd | Kt to Kt 5th (dis ch) |

And Black mates in three moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of twelve games played simultaneously by Mr. PILLSBURY at the Montreal Chess Club. (Falkbeer Counter-Gambit.)

| | | | |
|--|-----------------------|--|-----------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Pillsbury.) | BLACK (Mr. Marshall.) | WHITE (Mr. Pillsbury.) | BLACK (Mr. Marshall.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 18. Q to R 6th | Q to R 6th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P to Q 4th | Otherwise R to R sq, winning the Queen, is obvious. | |
| 3. P takes Q P | Q takes P | 19. Q to B 4th | R to R sq |
| It is usual to play here P to K 5th, which brings White's movements for some time. The text, on the contrary, expedites the hostile development, as the Queen retreats to Q sq instead of K 3rd. | | 20. R to K Kt sq | Q R to Kt sq |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3rd | Q to Q sq | 21. Q to K 3rd | R to K sq |
| 5. P takes P | B to Q B 4th | Black has all the attack. This move threatens to capture the K P. | |
| 6. Kt to B 3rd | B to K Kt 5th | 22. Q to Q 3rd | R to Kt sq |
| 7. B to K 2nd | Kt to Q Kt 5th | 23. Kt takes Kt | Kt to Kt 3rd |
| 8. Kt to K 4th | B to Kt 3rd | 24. P to K R 3rd | R to K sq |
| 9. P to B 3rd | Q to Q 4th | B to B 3rd seems better here. | |
| Leading to interesting play; but it would appear safer simply to exchange Bishop for Knight and win the Pawn back. | | 25. B to Kt 4th (ch) | P to Q B 4th |
| 10. Q to B 2nd | B to K B 4th | A very subtle move to gain time. White intended B to K B 4th (ch) afterwards, which, however, meant little, whereas there is much in Black's move. | |
| 11. Kt to B 6th (ch) | | 26. P takes P (en passant) | |
| Black evidently overlooked this obvious and pretty resource, which frees the blindfold player's game considerably. | | 27. P takes R | Kt to Kt 6th (ch) |
| 12. Q takes B | Kt takes Kt | 28. Q takes Kt | Q to B 5th (ch) |
| 13. Q to Kt 5th | Kt to K 2nd | 29. K to B 2nd | Q mates |
| 14. Q takes P | B to B 7th (ch) | | |
| 15. K to B sq | R to K Kt sq | | |
| 16. Q takes R P | B to Kt 3rd | | |
| 17. P to Q 4th | Castles (Q R) | | |

We have received a copy of the very exhaustive report embodying the awards of Messrs. Kohtz and Koelckorn in the *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* problem tourney. Altogether 417 positions were sent in, but only three English composers were represented, and all were honourably mentioned. We give below one of the prize problems in the conditional class, solutions of which will be acknowledged—

By F. MEYER, of Siegritz.

White: K at Q B sq, R at K B 5th; Bs at K 6th and Q R 7th; Kt at Q B 5th.
Black: K at Q 5th; Kt at K Kt sq; Ps at Q 3rd, Q B 6th, and K 6th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Those of my readers who are resident in London should take the hint given by Sir Joseph Fayrer, and visit the Zoological Gardens to inspect a very rare species of snake which is at present on view in the commodious reptile-house of that establishment. This is the *Ophiophagus elaps*, which Sir Joseph Fayrer rightly denominates as "probably the largest and most formidable venomous snake known," growing, as it does, to a length of twelve or fourteen feet or more. The technical name *Ophiophagus* means "snake-eater"; and there seems to be no doubt that this snake eats other ophidians, although it also devours birds, fish, frogs, or small quadrupeds. The snake-eating snake, I must add, is also scientifically known as the *Hamadrayas Ophiophagus*. It occurs in India, Burmah, and the Philippines, in Java, Borneo, and Sumatra, and is more common in Bengal, Burmah, Assam, and southern India than in the north-west and central parts of the Indian region. The snake is a near relation of the famous cobra di capello, and, like the latter, possesses a hood, which, however, is narrower than in the cobra. Most snakes get out of man's way, and will avoid rather than court attack; but the snake-eater is said to be an aggressive ophidian, and not only to attack of its own free will, but even to pursue an enemy. It may afford some small satisfaction for those who dislike and detest snakes to find that an enemy actually exists within the gates, in the person of the ophiophagus itself.

One of the events of the past few months in science has been the publication of the results of treating that baneful scourge of the race, diphtheria, according to a new method. It appears that sundry experiments have been made which resulted in the discovery (that of Behring and Kitasato) of a striking power possessed by the serum (or fluid part of the blood) of animals which had been rendered immune or protected from diphtheria and tetanus (or lockjaw) respectively. This power, briefly stated, was that of rendering other animals insusceptible to the disease and of actually checking the ailment in cases in which it had commenced its career. What the experimenters have succeeded in doing is to eliminate from the blood-fluid a substance apparently inimical to the diphtheria germ. This substance is called, appropriately enough, an "antitoxin." The experimenters, first of all, made goats impervious to diphtheritic infection by injecting into the tissues boiled cultivations of the diphtheria bacillus and afterwards by the inoculation of larger and increasing quantities of strong cultivations of the bacillus. The result of these procedures was to develop in the blood-fluid of the goats a peculiarly effective form of antitoxin, the strength of which relatively to the bacillus and its foul work was duly estimated.

Thus armed, the effective nature of the antitoxin as a remedy for diphtheria was tested on 220 children suffering from the disease in the hospitals of Berlin. I need not enter into the specific details of the results obtained, save to point out that they were of the most favourable kind, having regard to the varying circumstances of the cases, to the stages at which the remedy was administered, to the condition of the patient, and to the fact of an operation (that of opening the windpipe) having been performed in a certain percentage of the cases. Only a single injection of the antitoxin was made in the vast majority of the cases, although in very grave instances several applications were employed; but it is added that the authors regard it as probable that a higher percentage of cases saved might have been recorded had the inoculations been repeated.

Some members of the anti-scientific world, whose opinions combat the desirability of employing such methods as I have described for the saving of life, may possibly be ready with the remark that thus to experiment on children suffering from diphtheria was an unwarrantable proceeding. I can take the sting or force out of any remark of this kind by informing them that on the healthy body the antitoxin has no effect whatever. It is only when the body has been invaded with the diphtheria-bacilli that the antitoxin wages its effects, which, of course, are all beneficial to the suffering frame. For one thing, the mortality among the cases referred to and thus treated was very different from that we are accustomed to see in ordinary epidemics or among a similar series of cases treated by ordinary methods. There is one point, finally, to which the experimenters direct attention, and that is the necessity for the prompt and above all early commencement of the treatment. It would seem as though physicians had at last been provided with a remedy for a disease notoriously death-dealing in its results. I take it this is a fact or circumstance over the announcement of which every thoughtful man and woman will heartily rejoice, as much in the name of our common humanity as in that of the science whose mission it is to discover the hidden things of nature.

Professor Vivian B. Lewes, one of my colleagues on the staff of the Gilchrist Educational Trust, an able chemist and experimentalist and a high authority on gas-making, published in *Nature* for June 21 last an article on the enrichment of coal gas, which I think should be widely read. If the daily journals have not already called attention to Professor Lewes's paper, I should suggest that it is not by any means too late to ventilate the points which the Professor lucidly explains, inasmuch as both householders and gas companies must be deeply interested in his conclusions. Professor Lewes says the process of "enrichment" of the gas—a process effected in many and varied ways—should be entirely given up, and gas made direct from the coal should be that supplied to the consumer. He refers to the recent experiment of the South Metropolitan Company (made by permission of the London County Council) of supplying unenriched gas only for the space of a fortnight. The result was that the gas thus furnished was of equal value to that supplied under the enrichment process, the whole value of which, according to Professor Lewes, consists in satisfying certain legal requirements, "while the consumer gained absolutely nothing but the privilege of paying for it." This is not as things should be; therefore it is well that public attention should be called to Professor Lewes's valuable suggestions.

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THE EISTEDDFOD.

There is a story told of Henry II. and a Welsh prisoner which illustrates the almost morbid pride of Welshmen in their native land and in everything that pertains to it. The King, coming across this unfortunate captive, had sneered in kingly style at the idea of Welshmen who lived among mountains and spoke an outlandish tongue daring to attempt to thwart his intentions and oppose his arms, and wondered how they should answer for such insolent obstinacy before Heaven. But the Welshman, undauntedly replied that at the Last Day no language and no people should answer for that land but the language and the people of Wales. That Welshmen should love their native language is not wonderful, especially when we remember that it has been threatened with extinction more than once. When Dr. Johnson was in Wales the subject was discussed at some of the tables where he dined, and at that time it was not expected that the Welsh tongue could last another twenty years. And in a very interesting little book published about the middle of last century, on the translations of the Bible into Welsh, the author in some pages of passionate eloquence discusses the proposal of that day to stamp out the Welsh tongue by withdrawing the Welsh Bible, the gift of Queen Elizabeth, from Wales. In the Highlands of Scotland the Gaelic language is dying out slowly but surely; but in Wales it is loved and cultivated by men of all stations and ranks in life. It may even be taken up as a subject of study in the Board Schools, and at present there seems to be no sign anywhere of a desire to relinquish a prehistoric birthright. This may be matter of regret to politicians and philosophers, but there can be no doubt that the Eisteddfod benefits from it in a manner. For the mere fact that many of the proceedings are conducted in an unknown tongue serves as a sort of veil behind which the humbug of much of the festival is hid from the sneering Saxon.

This week Carnarvon is a scene of unprecedented bustle and enthusiasm. The town is crammed from top to basement, and from end to end; and there can be few who are not charmed with their surroundings. As an old Welsh writer says, "Carnarvon is justly the boast of North Wales, for the beauty of its situation, the goodness of its buildings, the regularity of the plan, and, above all, the grandeur of the castle, the most magnificent badge of our subjection." The town was in all probability founded by Edward I., being naturally fitted for a stronghold, surrounded as it is on the one side by the arm of the sea called the Monai, and on the other by the estuary of the Seiont. The castle must have been habitable before 1284, for on April 25 of that year the first Prince of Wales in English line was born within its walls. The castle, however, was not completely finished until 1322. There is, therefore, a certain poetical aptness in the Prince and Princess of Wales gracing the Eisteddfod this year with their presence at Carnarvon.

In days of old the lot of the bard was a happy one in Wales, whether he were the household bard of a prince or a Pencerdd, which signifies a bard who has attained the highest honours in his own particular line, and who was permitted to teach poetry or music, making

thereby a comfortable income in addition to the honour he received from king and peasant alike. There were four degrees in the poetical faculty. The lowest was what was called a candidate or probationer. He was obliged to understand the construction of five different kinds of metres, and to compose them before a Pencerdd, who had solemnly to declare, if he thought the probationer worthy, that the aspirant was possessed of true poetical genius. The candidate then became a graduate, and had to acquit himself favourably in the management of twelve different metres, producing specimens of his own composition in each. Then he became the candidate for the degree of Pencerdd, to attain which he must "understand the propriety of expressions and the different metres, and compose in twenty-one species." Such are the capacities of the Welsh tongue. Nowadays the degree of bard is conferred at the Gorsedd, which takes place early on the first day of the festival, and is conducted outside the pavilion in true Druidical fashion. It is not a very inspiring spectacle, and is, indeed, rather ludicrous, being a species of prehistoric pantomime. But one cannot fail to be impressed by the deadly seriousness of the venerable Archdruid and the surrounding bards as they stand upon their pedestals of stone.

Welshmen are not by any means all of one mind concerning the Eisteddfod. Some consider it a gigantic piece of humbug; others, again, defend the national festival warmly, not only because of its ancient history, which goes back many centuries before the Christian era, but also because they think it fulfils a useful function in stimulating the people to persist in the high and ennobling pursuit of poetry and romance. It is hardly for the despised Saxon to decide between these conflicting views. Taken, however, as an existing institution, the Eisteddfod has many points of interest. The musical programme certainly justifies the claim of Wales that in her knowledge and love of music she is far beyond her sister nations. The working men of Wales, foremost among whom are the miners, show themselves to be possessed of a delicacy of ear, a refinement of taste, and a power of execution truly marvellous. And when one comes to think of it, surely the nation which watches with intensest interest the competitions between the different choirs as they render some of the most difficult and beautiful music compares favourably with those others which confine their wildest enthusiasm to sport.

Only a Celtic race, unpractical and poetical, could take such a gathering as the Eisteddfod seriously, and it is neither wise nor generous for races less gifted in the arts to cover their deficiencies behind unholy laughter. Nevertheless, a little more prudence, a little less unbridled enthusiasm, would not spoil the show, which, even as a spectacle, often comes very short of carrying conviction to unprejudiced spectators. The Celt cannot manage a pageant very well even when he is cool; let him become excited, and his humour, which is a very varying quantity, seems to forsake him utterly, and leaves him at the mercy of the stranger. Yet the festival, which has been celebrated in wild Wales for over two thousand years, is well worth attending; and its pedigree alone is sufficient to command our respect.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 10, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Guy Paget, of Humberstone, Leicestershire, who died on June 19, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Frances Edith Nugent Paget, the widow, John Paget Mellor, and Henry Beazley, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £221,000. The testator directs that his wife is to have the use of all or any of his residences, with the furniture, &c., during widowhood and the minority of his eldest son; and he bequeaths £500, and a further £1000 on his eldest son attaining his majority, to purchase furniture, to his wife; £4000 per annum, to be reduced to £1000 per annum in the event of her re-marriage, and on his eldest son attaining his majority, a further £500 per annum for a residence, to his wife, for life; and legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and labourers. Portions of £35,000 each are provided for his younger children, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son. All his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments he devises to trustees, upon trust, to raise and pay the annuities given to his wife, and subject thereto to the use of his son Thomas Guy Frederick Paget, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1894), of Mr. Richard Blanshard, J.P., of Fairfield, Lymington, Hants, who died on June 5, at 29, Upper Berkeley Street, was proved on July 3 by Colonel Richard Percival Davies, the nephew, George Thomas Woodroffe, and Major-General William Legh Cahusac, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £130,000. The testator gives numerous legacies to his executors, late and present servants, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said nephew, Colonel R. P. Davies.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1891), with three codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1891; and Feb. 22 and Nov. 7, 1893), of Major William Hanmer, of Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, who died on May 26, was proved on June 29 by Edward Bromley, Horace Sanders, the nephew, and John Vickerman Longbourne, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £105,000. The testator bequeaths all the securities and bonds standing in his name at the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's Square, as well as all stocks and shares the certificates of which are in the custody of the said bank, and the amount standing to his credit there, upon trust, to pay £400 to the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church; £300 each to the Bishop of London's Fund and the East London Church Fund; £100 to the Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; and to divide the balance of the said funds and securities equally between St. George's Hospital, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), and Charing Cross Hospital. He also bequeaths £12,000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law Mrs. Fanny Hanmer, the widow of his late brother Thomas, for life, and then for all her children by his late brother; £5000 each to his sisters

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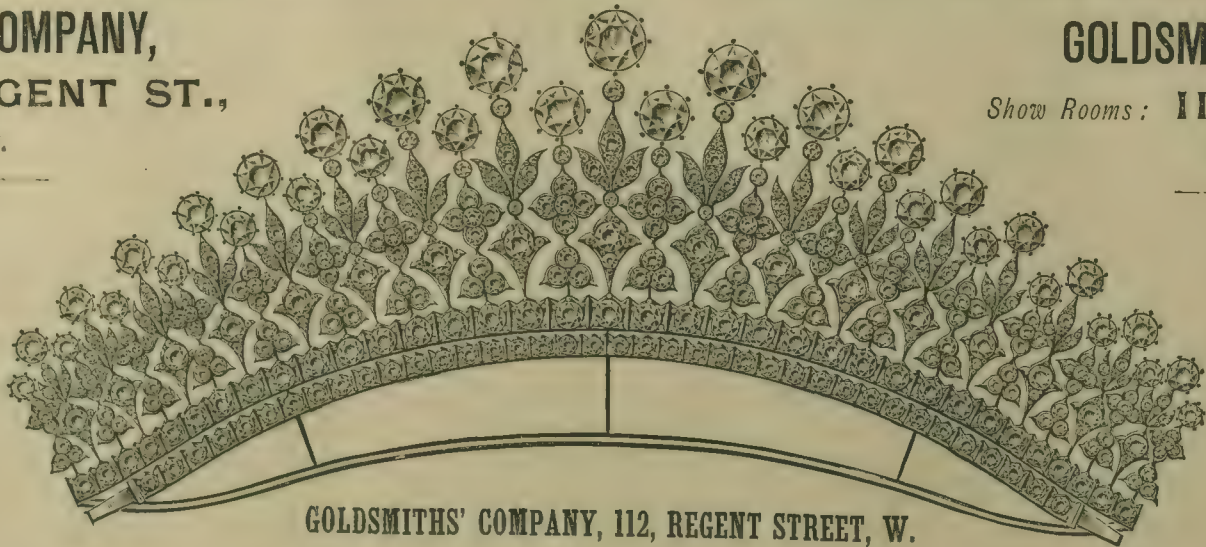
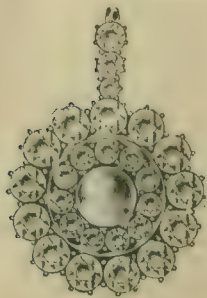
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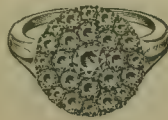
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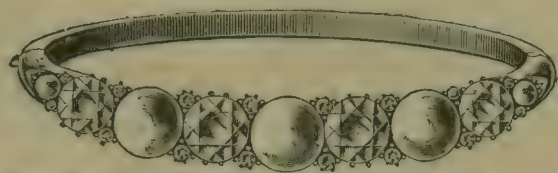
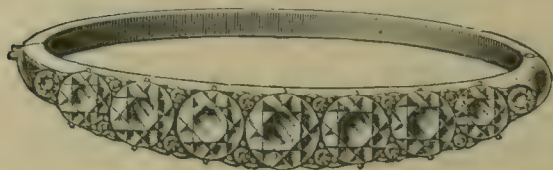
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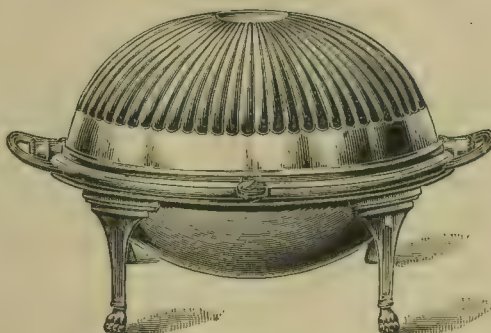
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Arabella Elizabeth Everett, Euphemia Maria Hanmer, and Sarah Jane Hanmer; £1000 each to the children of his late sister Margaret Collet; £600 each to the sons of his sister Mrs. Everett; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his nephew Thomas William Hanmer.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the general trust disposition and settlement, dated June 27, 1892, of Mr. Archibald Craig, residing at Gateside, Paisley, who died on May 2, granted to Archibald Fulton Craig, James Edward Campbell, Thomas MacRobert, Jun., and James Craig Barr and William Barr, the grandsons, the accepting and surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £76,344 18s. 11½d.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1893) of Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, has now been proved by Amy Augusta Jackson, Lady Coleridge, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator confirms his marriage settlement of 1885 in favour of his widow, Lady Coleridge, and the voluntary settlements made by him in July 1887, by which his residence at Heath's Court and his estates in Devonshire, and his town residence, 1, Sussex Square, were settled in strict settlement on the present Lord Coleridge and his successors in the title, and by which settlements, funds, securities and policies, amounting in value to more than £120,000, were also settled and vested in trustees (who are Lord Justice Lopes, Mr. Bigham, Q.C., Mr. Charles Harrison, Mr. Heaton, and Mr. E. Lawford) for the purpose of making provision for Lord Coleridge's other sons and his daughter, and for providing for his widow an annuity of £600 per annum, and a capital sum of £10,000, to meet which Lord Coleridge had effected policies upon his life. Subject to these provisions, the funds are settled with the title. The will of Dec. 31, 1893, only affects the personal property of Lord Coleridge which was not dealt with by the settlements of 1887, and his furniture, household effects, &c. The testator by his will settles as heirlooms to accompany the title, all his family portraits, the old seal of the Court of Queen's Bench, the chain of the Common Pleas, and the old Queen's Bench, Guildhall, Chair, and certain articles of plate, &c. After giving certain specific legacies to his sons and providing for some small pecuniary legacies, he bequeaths all the residue of his estate to Lady Coleridge absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1888) of Mr. George Duppa Collins, of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, who died on June 1, was proved on June 29 by Archibald Arthur Pranker, D.C.L., and Philip George Collins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Collins, and he does not make any other provision for her, as she is already amply provided for under a deed of settlement and the will of her father; £1000 each to his sons-in-law Mr. Pocock and

Dr. Pranker; £200 to his executor, Mr. P. G. Collins; and legacies to servants and others. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Pocock, her husband and children; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Elizabeth Boucher Pranker, her husband and children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1892) of Mr. James Crabtree, of Saxonholme, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Lancashire, who died on July 31, 1893, was proved on June 29 by Joseph Harris, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives £7000 to his son, William Fox Crabtree; and the residue of his property to his daughter, Mary Jane Paddon, and his niece, Mary Jane Edge, in equal shares.

The will of Mrs. Dorothy Emma Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Cowley House, Uxbridge, who died on May 25, was proved on June 26 by Mrs. Mary Anne Emily Tyrwhitt-Drake, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9253.

The will and codicil of Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson, D.C.L., F.R.S., of Aldesley Grange, near Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, who died on May 23 at 48, Dover Street, Piccadilly, were proved on July 2 by Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, the Rev. Francis Henry Hodgson, and Mrs. Susan Hodgson, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5070.

In commemoration of the royal visit to Carnarvon a casket to contain the address of welcome was presented to the Prince and Princess, having as its distinguishing



feature a beautiful and accurate model in silver of Carnarvon Castle. This ancient landmark was, it may be recalled, the birthplace of Edward II., the first bearer of the title of Prince of Wales, so it was historically appropriate, on the occasion of the visit of his hereditary successor, for reproduction in exquisite workmanship by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Liverpool. On the oblong plateau beneath the model of the castle there are various arms beautifully designed, and a drawer is inserted to hold the presentation album.

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY AINSLIE HOARE.

Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wilts., died on July 7 at his residence, 12, West Eaton Place, London. The late Baronet was born in 1824. He was son of Mr. Henry Charles Hoare, and on the death, in 1857, of his uncle, Sir Hugh Richard Hoare, he succeeded to the title, which was conferred in 1786 on his ancestor, Richard Hoare, a member of the great banking firm of that name. Sir Henry was M.P. for Windsor from 1865 to 1866, and for Chelsea 1868 to 1874. In 1845 he married Augusta Frances, daughter of Sir East Clayton-East, Bart., of Hall Place, Berks, but leaves no surviving male issue. The present Baronet, Sir Henry Hugh Arthur Hoare, is his first cousin, being only son of his uncle, Mr. Henry Arthur Hoare, of Wavenham House, Bucks, and was born in 1865. He married in 1887 Alda, daughter of Mr. Purcell Weston, and has issue, a son, Henry Colt Arthur Hoare.

SIR HENRY LAYARD.

The Right Hon. Sir Austen Henry Layard, P.C., G.C.B., died at his residence, Queen Anne Street, London, on July 5. Sir Henry, who was born in 1817, was son of Mr. Henry Peter John Layard, and grandson of the Very Rev. D. Layard, Dean of Bristol. At the age of twenty-two he commenced his excavations on the sites of ancient cities in the East, which resulted in the discovery of the sculptures and monuments at Nineveh and Babylon. He became Attaché at Constantinople in 1849, and in 1852, having been elected M.P. for Aylesbury, was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. From 1860 to 1869 he was M.P. for Southwark, and in the latter year proceeded to Madrid as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. In 1877 he became Ambassador to Constantinople, but in 1880 he retired from the Embassy. Sir Henry was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University in 1855, and in 1866 was appointed a Trustee of the National Gallery. He married, March 9, 1869, Mary Enid Evelyn, daughter of Sir Josiah John Guest, Bart.

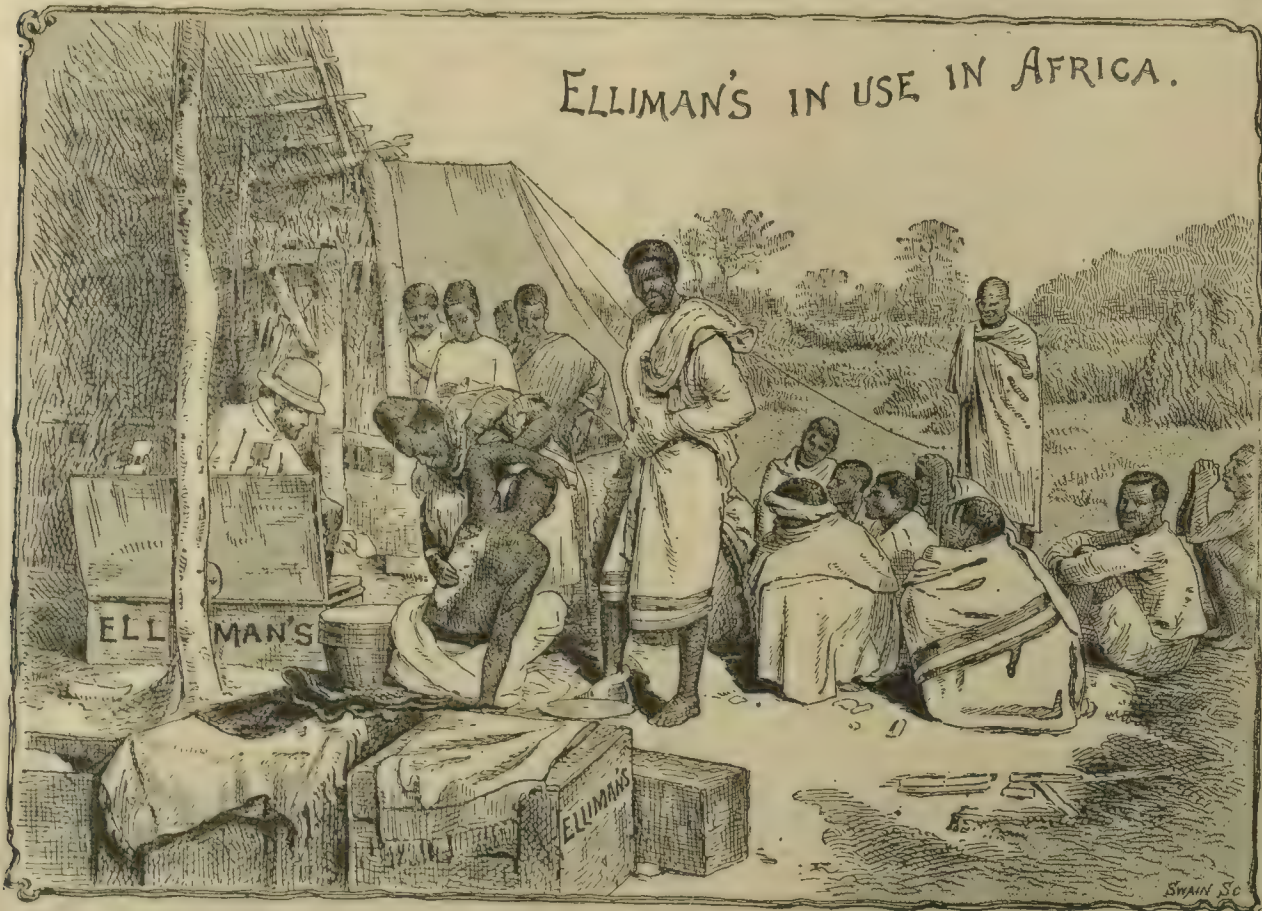
We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Melita Mends, at Alverstoke, Hants. She was daughter of Dr. G. M. Stilon, R.N., of Malta. In 1837 she married Admiral Sir William Robert Mends, G.C.B.

Mr. Henry Sharnborne Nathaniel Micklethwaite, of Taverham Hall, Norfolk, and of Iridge Place, Hurst Green, Sussex, on June 25. Mr. Micklethwaite, who was a Commander R.N., was High Sheriff of Norfolk 1884. His brother, the late Rev. John N. Micklethwaite, whom he succeeded in 1877, inherited the estates of the extinct Viscounts Micklethwait.

Dame Isabella Elizabeth Grant, on July 5, at Melton Mowbray. She was daughter of Mr. Richard Norman, and widow of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., who died in 1878.

ELLIMAN'S IN USE IN AFRICA.



This picture is reproduced from an instantaneous photograph taken by John Bennett Stanford, Esq., of Pyt House, Tisbury, Wilts, at Engatana, about 100 miles up the Tana River, when upon an exploring expedition. Most of the patients are Abyssinians and some Somalis, but Elliman's Embrocation was used for the bruised shoulders of the Zanzibari porters, who are great lovers of it, and are always intensely amused at the sight of the white embrocation upon their black skins.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PONDOS.

"I may mention that it was a Basuto that doctored or charmed Sigau's army in the last attack against Umhlangano. His plan was to paint the usual black cross on the warrior's brow, but not having had a sufficient supply of the medicine he fell back upon Elliman's Embrocation and made a white cross on some, and the whitened ones, believing they were invulnerable, were more daring than the others, but the fates ordained it so that there were far more of their number killed in the bush than those who had not the white cross."—*Last London Dispatch*, South Africa, March 17, 1894.

MORAL.—When you use Elliman's rub it well in.

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

Quoted from the *Journal* of Bishop G. W. Knight-Bruce, Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892: "I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly preferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced; the other not."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.



ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS.

For Horses, Cattle, Dogs, Birds.

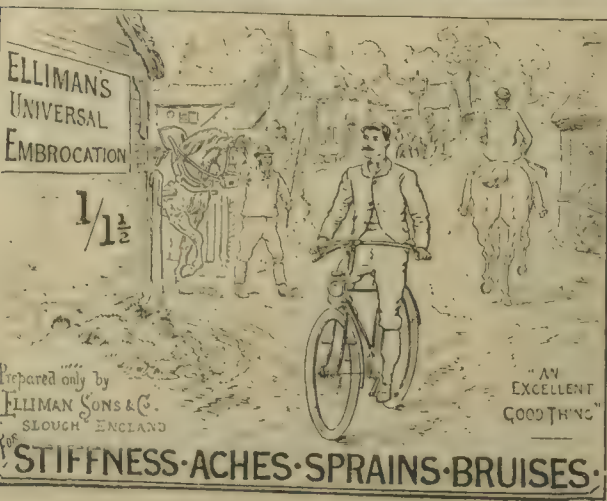
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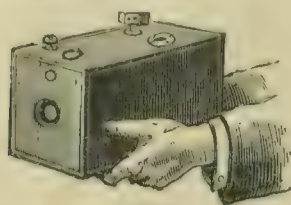
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

When I was sitting in my stall the other evening at the Lyceum Theatre, watching with renewed interest the superb performance of "Becket," I was attracted by a familiar face. Where had I seen that face before? It was like a great actor I had seen, and yet unlike him. Of course! It was M. Coquelin cadet, the younger brother of the celebrated comedian Coquelin, and an honoured member of what was once the finest acting society in the world—the Comédie Française. My thoughts ran into various channels, and a train of reflection was given me when I noticed how Mr. Bram Stoker, in the name of Henry Irving, offered the hospitality of the house to the brother of the great Coquelin. To this home of art any great artist was welcome. I regret to say, and I cannot help saying it, these artistic compliments are not reciprocal. I very much doubt if any English actor of eminence visiting Paris has ever been taken by the hand and treated with the courtesy that our princes of the theatre extend to foreign artists, whatever their rank may be. To put the matter plainly, I do not believe that a French actor coming to London has ever paid one farthing for his entertainment, and I am almost positive that the compliment of a free admission to a French theatre is never given, except after tedious confusion and worry, to an English actor visiting Paris, or to any human being connected with English dramatic art. The English stage and the English artist are simply unrecognised in the "gay city." It is not believed that any art exists anywhere outside Paris, and yet our own managers have the grace and courtesy to make their theatres free to every actor or actress of note. When the glorious company of the Comédie Française came over to London, exiled and driven out of Paris by the siege and the Commune, did we not welcome them, and fête them, and take them down to the Crystal Palace, and give them speeches in French by Lord Granville and Lord Dufferin and an English actor—Alfred Wigan? Again

and again, when they have come over to London have not the most distinguished actors of France been made honorary members of our best clubs? I remember once that I was made a member of a Parisian literary club. I was proposed, seconded, and elected in the space of a quarter of an hour, and I had to pay my year's subscription before I left the building. The honour was a very dear one, as I was only in Paris for the inside of a week.

As I sat watching M. Coquelin cadet in the Lyceum stalls I wondered if ever, on the stage of the Théâtre Français, with which he is so familiar, he had ever seen anything much finer than the production of "Becket." It is the kind of play that Englishmen can show off with a considerable amount of pride to any French critic. To begin with, it has literature. That is a point beyond dispute. Impracticable as "Becket" might have been before Mr. Henry Irving took it in hand, it now stands out as a very fine and bold piece of workmanship, interesting, dramatic, and, so far as the stage will allow, historically accurate. I have been looking over Southey's memoir of Archbishop Becket in his "Book of the Church," and I cannot see that history has been falsified by the Lyceum production. The play starts well, centres well, and ends well. There are no dull or unnecessary moments in it. Then as regards dress, scenery, and archaeological detail, it is very doubtful if it could be improved upon. Charles Kean, with all his passion for archaeology and his student researches, never did anything at the Princess's Theatre better than "Becket." The scene that shows the revolt of the nobles and barons is as magnificent as is the death of Becket both impressive and true. When we come to the acting, there is still no fault to find; on the contrary, it can be pointed to as the very best example of English acting that London can show at the present day. For inspiration, Henry Irving's Becket; for grace and charm, Miss Ellen Terry's Fair Rosamund; for sterling and typical English qualities of blustering good-nature, the King Henry of Mr. William Terriss; and for distinction in style and art, the Queen Eleanor of Miss Genevieve Ward would take a good deal of beating. If, over in France,

M. Coquelin cadet had chanced to hear of Henry Irving's peculiar affectations, of his deeply rooted mannerisms, of his curious angular ways, irregularities, and eccentricities, how surprised he must have been when he made the acquaintance of our leading actor as Becket! As to manner and affectation, they do not exist. It would be difficult to find an elocutionist anywhere who could do more justice to the verse of Alfred Lord Tennyson than Henry Irving. If you want an example, take note of the speeches spoken by Becket, those tender, impressive, and prophetic speeches that are the forerunners of the scene of martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral. For good balance, accent, music, and discretion in elocution, I have heard nothing better for many a long day. And then the smile! We have heard of an actress's laugh or an actor's chuckle, or some other memorial link that brings back the past to the present, but it seems to me that in the after years, if ever they come, the sweet smile of Henry Irving as Becket will "haunt me still." Resignation, determination, and the proud spirit of a man chastened by religion were never shown with greater effect. I once thought that Henry Irving could never beat his own record in "Louis XI," but he has done it in "Becket." As I write, I can see his parting with Ophelia in "Hamlet," his superb individuality in "Vanderdecken," his exit as Shylock, his resignation as Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, his picturesque devilry as Iago, and his combined comedy and tragedy as Louis; but high above them all stands that exquisite preparation for martyrdom in "Becket." Nothing more beautiful, or less stagey and conventional, has ever been seen, I believe, on the stage of our time. No familiarity with the great actors of the Comédie Française could have interfered in the mind of Coquelin cadet with his estimate of Henry Irving. He has never been seen to greater advantage, nor has his artistic assistant, Miss Ellen Terry, or the British bulldog, William Terriss, or Miss Genevieve Ward, reared in the best classical schools of dramatic art. "Becket," in every respect, is a play of which English art can be justly proud.



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 The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom shared their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.
 The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Moutibazon and Gilberte, Messrs. Bard and Paul Prie, "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.
 The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonambula," Madame Marcelle Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.
 In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.
 There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.
 Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.
 The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.
 Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut; Barthelemy, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.
 Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements, besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.
 Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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THE OPERA.

The production of M. Bruneau's opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin," at Covent Garden on July 4 formed the crowning artistic triumph of a very remarkable season. It will take time, of course, for this work to find its true level of appreciation, but if it obtain its deserts, it will eventually secure a place among the most popular operas of the modern repertory. In point of dramatic and musical interest, and in originality of idea and treatment, "L'Attaque du Moulin" yields nothing to any of the novelties—no, not even to "Falstaff" itself—that Sir Augustus Harris has brought forward with such unprecedented prodigality during the present summer. Nothing could be more masterly in its way than M. Louis Gallet's libretto. Without searching after melodramatic effect, this gifted writer has provided a fine situation for each of his four acts, and condensed, without loss of a single important detail, into three hours' stage action one of the most vivid and touching stories that the brain of M. Zola ever conceived. The English public is the first that has been permitted to see this romance of war enacted with the surroundings amid which it was originally depicted. The scene is a peaceful corner in Lorraine. Everything is bright and smiling, and old Merlier's cup of happiness seems filled to overflowing, for the warm-hearted miller is about to marry his daughter, Françoise, to the man of her choice. The quaint ceremonial of betrothal is actually carried out; Dominique has taken Françoise to his arms, and the assembled friends are drinking health and happiness to the newly engaged couple, when—a roll of the drum, the village Tambour appears, and the word goes forth that war has been proclaimed. All know what this means, but none so well as poor old Marcelline, the trusted housekeeper at the Mill, who has lost her two sons in the frightful game which is played with men's lives.

A month has elapsed since war broke out, and in the second act the Mill is invested by German troops. The French retire, the place is taken by the enemy, and Dominique, who has been found using his gun with the rest, is condemned to be shot, he being Flemish by birth, and therefore not entitled to bear arms. All is changed to misery and desolation. The mill is half in ruins, and Françoise is in despair; but the brave girl enables her lover to escape, and provides him with a knife for protection in case of need. In the next act the knife comes in useful. A sentinel (with whom Marcelline, who recognises in him a likeness to one of her dead sons, has been in converse) stops Dominique as he is making off and receives a death-wound for his pains. The consequences are serious. Merlier is informed that, unless he can produce Dominique by the following morning he will be shot in the young man's stead. Strange is the comparison between the harshness of the German captain as he gives this brutal order and his evident grief when he joins his comrades in a funeral hymn over the dead sentinel's body. Thus does war make men inhuman. The last act deals with old Merlier's splendid act of self-sacrifice—an ending slightly altered from that of the novel, and not quite so intensely tragical. Dominique unexpectedly returns—in secret—and guesses what has happened. To get rid of him, at least until rescue comes, the Miller, telling an untruth, in which he is backed up by Marcelline, assures Dominique and Françoise that he has received his liberty. They believe him, and Dominique goes off to fetch the rescuing force, which eventually turns up and compels the Germans to beat a retreat. But, says the ferocious captain, "D'abord réglons cette affaire!" Merlier is seized and shot, and the heartbroken daughter and her fiancé are left to console each other as the curtain falls.

M. Bruneau has treated this striking libretto with the

same extraordinary combination of Wagnerian art and spontaneous musical feeling that he exhibited in "Le Rêve. When charm, grace, passion, and despair are wanted they are there in turn, always expressed with naturalness and virility, accompanied by an individuality and refinement of style that marks the musician who is at once a thinker and a genius. Hence does "L'Attaque du Moulin," with its fine tragic story and its clever and interesting music, hold the listener in thrall from first to last. The Covent Garden performance was conducted by M. Philippe Flon, who had charge of this work when it was given at Brussels, and consequently the best was made of the material in hand. Mlle. Nuovina had already played the part of Françoise under his direction, while in Mlle. Delna and M. Bouvet we had the original Marcelline and Merlier from the Opéra Comique. Of these admirable assumptions it must suffice to say that Mlle. Delna's is simply a revelation of the highest talent, alike vocal and histrionic, the début of this gifted mezzo-soprano being by far the most successful of the season; and M. Bouvet's impersonation is replete with unaffected pathos and charm. M. Cossira's Dominique is one of the best things he has done; while M. Bonnard as the Sentinel, M. Albers as the German Captain, and M. Gillibert as the Tambour complete an excellent cast. The opera was splendidly mounted and received with genuine enthusiasm.

"Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz" formed the concluding addition to the repertory of the German season. Beethoven's sublime opera was given before a large audience on Saturday, July 7, when Frau Klafsky repeated the noble embodiment of the heroine that gained for her so many admirers here in 1892, the other principal characters being also in more or less familiar hands. The revival of "Der Freischütz" (July 10) was especially welcome, and we thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

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For the NORWAY FIORDS and NORTH CAPE, July 18, for 28 days.
The Steamer will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway—thus securing smooth water.
For NORWAY and SPITZBERGEN, Aug. 1, for 33 days.
At the most Northern point of these cruises the sun will be above the horizon at midnight.
For SOUTHERN NORWAY and COPENHAGEN, Aug. 22, for 21 days.
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MARRIAGE.

On June 30, at St. Peter's Church, Belsize Park, South Hampstead, by the Rev. Dr. Tremlett, assisted by the Rev. A. P. Neele, incumbent of St. Luke's, Barton Hill, Bristol (uncle of the bridegroom), and the Rev. J. Hasloch Potter, Rural Dean of Streatham (his cousin), Charles Woodward Neele, of Stockport, youngest son of Mr. George P. Neele, of Watford, to Mabel Lily, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of 121, Adelaide Road, N.W.

DEATH.

On Sunday, July 1, at 19, Rosary Gardens, South Kensington (the residence of his sister), William Fleming, late of Woodside, Wynberg, near Cape Town.

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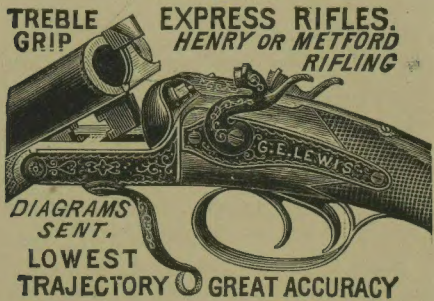
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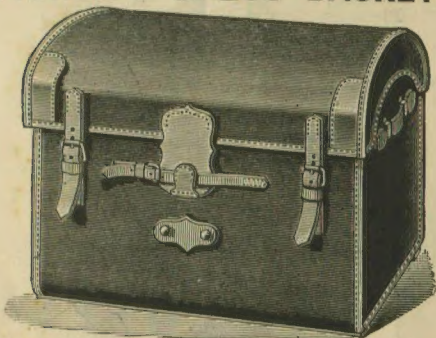
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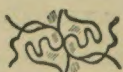
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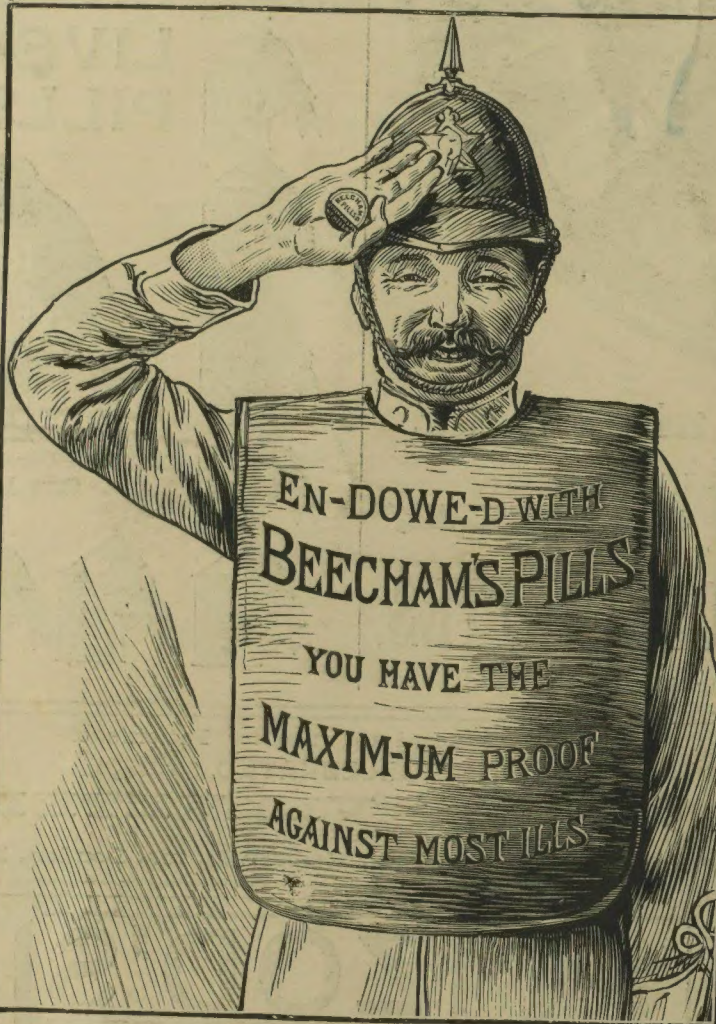
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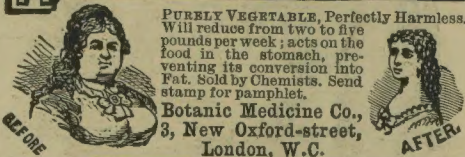
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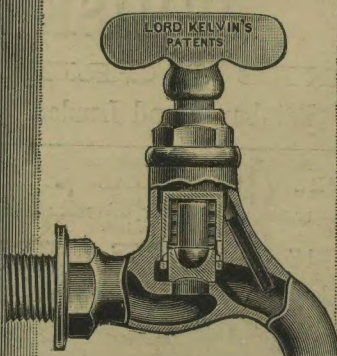
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